REMINISCENCES

Emily Kinnaird

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REMINISCENCES

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Emily Kinnaird

With Jamila Sirajûddin, a student of Kinnaird School (Z.B.M.M.) and Kinnaird College, Lahore, India.

Frontispiece

REMINISCENCES

BY EMILY KINNAIRD

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATION

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FOREWORD

The group of families to which Emily Kinnaird's and mine belonged formed in the sixties of the last century a powerful Evangelical connexion. In that *milieu* she grew up, and no one can speak of it with better inside knowledge or larger personal acquaintance amongst its leading personalities. The Evangelicalism of those days no doubt incarnated in a pronounced form some of those elements of the Victorian Age which the present generation finds particularly repugnant. But whatever estimate one may make of it, there can be no question that it has been a great factor in the religious history of England —one might say in the history of England as a whole —and, as such, deserves the unprejudiced study of intelligent people. Miss Kinnaird's book may bring home to many people how inexact some of the charges brought against it are. It is, for instance, sometimes said that its interest was so concentrated upon the eternal welfare of men's souls, upon getting them converted, that it was comparatively indifferent to their welfare in the here and now. It is true that some things which many people of ardent goodness to-day regard as intolerable social wrongs those old Evangelicals regarded as part of a fixed social order willed by God: reform of the kind desired by Christian Socialists did not appeal to them, and their belief that the return of Christ and end of the present dispensation was probably quite near did not leave much room for enthusiasm as to a general reshaping of social arrangements. But it is not true that the Evangelicals as a whole were indifferent to the conditions under which

men lived in the present world. In the case of certain flagrant wrongs—the slave trade, child-labour in factories—it was that group who initiated and led the fight against them. Later on two institutions, which have made a great difference to the lives of thousands —the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Association, which have provided for wholesome recreation and decent living accommodation, no less than for religious help—were founded by Evangelicals. With the second of these two institutions, Emily Kinnaird has been prominently associated from its beginning, and has been especially concerned with its development in India. Her reminiscences will, amongst other things, tell to those who do not know, something of how it came to be founded and the phases of its early history. Her many activities have brought her into touch with different branches of religious, political, and social work, and the names of many of her fellow-workers, familiar in certain circles, will recur in her pages. No doubt, a change has passed over religion in England; but those who direct these movements, even when their outlook on the world has become somewhat different from that of the former generation, would be far from wishing to minimise the greatness of their spiritual debt to the men and women of earnest devotion and active goodness by whom their youth was influenced. Miss Kinnaird's pages will call up in the memory of others who knew them some of those who are gone, and especially those connected with India, which she has visited four times. They will also show that the impetus which an earlier generation gave to active work for the good of men is being still carried on. The book speaks with enthusiasm of the girls of the present generation.

EDWYN BEVAN.

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REMINISCENCES

INTRODUCTION

Western civilisation, especially the soul of it as distinguished from its accidental manifestations, is, after all, a unity and not a chaos, and is a unity chiefly because of its ancestry.—GILBERT MURRAY.

To catch them up, to carry on their work, to live and die for the great unknown which the spirit of man seems to be working out on the earth. . . . Then he will work under the guidance of faith and love, not as so many do under that of ennui and irritation.—GILBERT MURRAY.

THIS book is written at the request of many friends because during my long life I have been brought into contact with many of the great forces making for righteousness which owed their spiritual power to the revival movements of the nineteenth century. My early life brought me into touch with the American leaders of freedom and the abolition of slavery, with the first converts of India, and the awakening movements in China and Africa, for leaders in all these movements found their way to my childhood's home at 2, Pall Mall East, London, England, which my mother used to call the hub of the universe.

Though the woman's movement was not yet born, the work of the Earl of Shaftesbury drew many from their comfortable homes in the West End to see for themselves the squalor of the East End and the country villages where boys and girls grew up amid surroundings which no one would tolerate to-day. A host of institutions sprang into being, and representatives and friends of these societies met from time to

time in our house for a 'soirée,' as drawing-room meetings were then called; these were always held in the evening after dinner—five o'clock tea was not then usual. This particular method of using social gatherings to interest friends in the causes she had at heart was invented by my mother, and it is almost impossible in these days of a multiplicity of meetings to realise how inspiring such an innovation was.

I have on the walls of my room the pictures of four men of God who did much to inspire the girls and young men of my generation: Dr. Oswald Dykes (afterwards Principal of Westminster College, Cambridge), whose ministry I attended for nineteen years, and I wanted no one else; D. L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey, who brought about a new era of evangelistic work; and W. W. White, who, by his method of book study, encouraged many to read the Bible in a new way. Engraved on my heart also is the memory of social reformers inspired by the spirit of Christ, such as Ellen Ranyard, the founder of the Bible Women and Nurses' Mission (whom we visited every Sunday to read our notes of Dr. Dykes's sermons); George Holland, that small rugged figure of a man risen from the ranks, who by his life and work changed the whole aspect of the sunken district in which he laboured; Annie Macpherson, one of the pioneers of child emigration to Canada; Dr. Barnardo, who left his medical studies to devote his life to the rescue of downtrodden children; and the pioneers of the Young Women's Christian Association, which took its share in raising the tone among fisher and mining girls in the country, and girls in Limehouse and Whitechapel, Bristol and Liverpool.

Gilbert Murray writes: 'If civilisation has a soul distinguished from its accidental manifestations, and if it is after all a unity, not a chaos, and a unity most of all because of its ancestry, then it behoves us to study the past.' And again he says: 'The civilisation

of our Western world is a unity of descent and brotherhood, and therefore he who would understand it must have some method by which he can study it. The tradition, the handing down of the intellectual acquisitions of the human race from one generation to the other, the constant selection of thoughts and discoveries and feelings and events so precious must be put into a book.'

And so I have written this book in the hope that, as my readers study its characters, they may catch the inspiration of the example and the spirit of pioneers now passed away, and that each may feel 'one of a long line of torchbearers.'

CHAPTER I

HOME

Lord, let me not be too content
With life in trifling service spent;
Make me aspire!
When days with little cares are filled,
Let me with fleeting thoughts be thrilled
Of something higher.

Let me be filled with mental grace
To struggle with the commonplace
I daily find.
Let little deeds not bring to fruit
A crop of little thoughts to suit
A shrivelled mind!

I do not ask my place among great thinkers
Who have fought and sung and scorned to bend
Under the trifles of the hour;
I only ask Thee for the power to comprehend!

ANON.

IT was my misfortune to be born in London, for every person of Scottish parentage would prefer to be born in the land of the Covenanters and the Bruces. My father, whose home until his marriage was Rossie Priory, Perthshire, with his brother, was the youngest son of Charles, Lord Kinnaird. His youth was spent a good deal on the Continent, and he came, a typical young man without a penny, to begin for himself in London, and obtained a place in a little private bank in Pall Mall, called Ransom's, because of his descent from a great-grandmother who bore that name. By assiduous attention and by a general sociability, he increased the business, joining before long with another bank which took the name of Ransom, Bouverie and Co., and of which he became chief partner. The bank moved to 1 and 2, Pall Mall East, above which we lived from the time I was six months old. My mother,

EMILY KINNAIRD AT THREE AND A HALF YEARS OLD
From a crayon drawing by Hope J. Stewart.

Face p. 4

Mary Jane Hoare, came also of a banker's family, and her father's and brother's bank, Hoare's in Fleet Street, is still one of the only two private banks remaining in London. She was niece to the well-known preacher in the West End, the Rev. and Hon. Baptist Noel, with whom she lived in her youth, her mother dying soon after she was born.

We did not spend our youth in our Scottish home, for my father did not succeed until the death of his two brothers. George, the eldest, lived to a good old age as Lord Kinnaird at Rossie Priory, a much-beloved and generous landlord, who spent his whole life managing his estate. No absentee landlord, he made many experiments for improving farming operations, and was one of the first to introduce the use of the steam plough.

The death of my uncle's two sons brought my father into the near succession. Rossie Priory, with the lands of Moncur and some property in Errol (which my brother sold), is in the Carse of Gowrie—'the Garden of Scotland'—and a fine wheat-growing country. Land at that time could be let at £3 an acre, but my father was thankful for twenty shillings an acre when he succeeded.

There are few views which can match that on a summer evening from the terrace of Rossie Priory, with its gentle slope down through the parks beneath, over the road leading from Perth to Dundee and down from that to the broad waters of the Tay with the Fife hills beyond. It was always a great delight after a night's journey from stuffy London to wake up in Perth, the entrance to the Carse of Gowrie stretching east; and I can never forget one morning, soon after the days of bicycling arrived, starting for a fifteen-mile ride along the road to Rossie Priory. The road, on leaving Kinfauns Castle, one of the residences of the Earls of Moray, is absolutely straight, almost without a rise in the ground all the way to Inchture,

with the shining Tay on one side and the 'braes of the Carse' on the other. It stretches between cornfields, turnips, and grazing cattle, divided only by 'pows' or cart tracks, with hardly a hedge or wall to interrupt the glories of the view. Motors and bicycles have enabled us to enjoy this beautiful stretch of country as we seldom could with horses, which could not do so long a distance.

The drive from the West Lodge, past the little loch up the ash avenue, leads by a straight approach to the house, which, begun in 1802, is built in priory style and has an old appearance. It has, however, the advantage of being in a well chosen situation both for the garden and the views—a point which our forbears seldom considered. The old house of Drimmie and the family burying-place lie down on the slope beneath.

The Italian garden, the rock garden, and the pinetum are cut out of Rossie Hill, which rises up from the approach, and are a delight to all lovers of painting and gardening. Much as we love it, we never had time to give ourselves to its culture, but its beauties and restfulness come back to one's memory and constantly refresh us in the turmoil of London.

My uncle, in addition to promoting improvements and trying experiments in farming, loved to entertain men of science, and helped in a geological survey of the neighbourhood. The Priory therefore contained many geological specimens and a very good collection of fossils, which lately my nephew has presented to Dundee. Our other town was Perth, which my father represented in Parliament almost uninterruptedly for forty-three years, until he went to the Upper House.

We were extraordinarily happy in our childhood. Although we did not go regularly to Scotland, we spent half the year in the country, as my father, a very busy man, liked his evening rides, or to take a walk round the farm. Our first country home was West

Farm, Cock Fosters, Barnet, a house near Trent Park, rented from Mr. R. C. L. Bevan, and we moved in 1862 to Pickhurst Manor, Hayes, Kent. Riding, croquet, cricket, climbing trees, and inventing stories which lasted for weeks, were a great joy to us. I broke in my own pony, the foal of my Welsh pony. It refused to carry my heavier sister, who then had to share horses with the rest of the family, so I got all the rides. In the hot summer of 1868 we used to make up riding parties with our neighbours after early supper, and we were often not back till 11 p.m., after paying nocturnal surprise visits to our friends.

We did our lessons and amused ourselves in pairs. My eldest sister and my brother, afterwards Lord Kinnaird, came first; my next two sisters, Louisa and Agneta formed another pair (with the former I have lived all my life); and my sister Gertrude and myself made the third pair, and have always been specially linked together.

Unlike traditional children, we loved Sunday, and used to jump for joy when the day arrived. Some might have called it a dull day; we were left to ourselves, which we delighted in, in order that our nurses might go to church, or spend their time profitably and be free to attend my mother's Sunday afternoon Bible-class for her household. It is true that all our toys were put away, and we only read Sunday books, but we invented all kinds of Sunday games—Sunday School, Church, and Missionary Meetings, preaching to each other, copying out and learning long portions of the Bible. At one time my mother instituted the custom that everyone in the household should learn a verse every day and repeat them on Sunday. We children learned two verses a day extra from the Old Testament or a Psalm. In this way we committed to memory the Epistles to the Colossians, Ephesians, 1 Peter and parts of Hebrews, Isaiah xl. to lxvi., Psalms xxiii., xxiv., xlvi., and ciii. The first of

these Psalms we repeated every morning by my mother's bed before our daily prayer at her side.

It was this knowledge of the Bible that made us able to take Bible-classes and Mothers' Meetings when we were quite young. We had a mission room in London just round the corner in Monmouth Court and St. Martin's Street, and were sent in schoolroom days to speak at gatherings there for our mother and elder sisters, rather to the surprise of our dear old 'mothers.' In Kent we had an Iron Room for similar purposes in the garden, which we specially loved.

I am always glad that we children, as our older pair of sisters liked to call us in a superior voice, were sent to be out of the way during our move from West Farm, for we made lifelong friendships with our cousins the Noels at Exton Vicarage, and also with the Henry Noels then living at Exton Hall. Cousin Cecy was a most devoted cousin to me till she died, and Evelyn Noel (now Mrs. Herbert Arbuthnot) has been my life-long friend, or sister as we call her, with whom we share all our interests and concerns in a truly cousinly way.

My mother believed strongly in girl friendships, and always arranged that we should go out to tea on half-holidays, or have friends to tea. The Agnews, Bevans, Conways, Fuller Maitlands, Hoares, Hollonds, Humphreys, Noels and Paleys, were amongst these.

We repeated the visits to Exton, the home of the Noels, every year. Another annual visit *en famille* which we thoroughly enjoyed was to Trent Park, then the residence of my father's special friend, Mr. R. C. L. Bevan of Barclay's Bank, and near to Dyrham Park, the home of Captain Trotter, who made the third of that trio of young men friends who took a lead in the religious movements of their time.

From the time I was eighteen my sister and I spent

regularly many weeks in the autumn at Rossie Priory with my uncle and 'Da,' as Lady Kinnaird was called by her grandchildren. After the death of their two sons and their only daughter, Olivia Ogilvy of Baldovan, they lived very quietly in a wing of the house which they had built (it seemed to us needlessly, as there is another unoccupied wing at the other end of the already too large house). These visits started my interest in farming and country occupations, for my uncle's shorthorns were renowned, but he found the herd a great expense, and, as the price of land was steadily falling, he gave up luxuries in farming.

Our uncle used to tell us amusing stories of the characteristics of our ancestors. My grandmother was of an irascible nature, and very much objected to a portrait that had been painted of her. One night she descended the stairs, cut her face out of the picture, and so ruined it! My grandfather had also a fiery temper, as the Creevey Papers and other memoirs of his days in France show. My uncle, on the contrary, was a man of controlled temper and very considerate to all he came in contact with.

He used to take us to call on some of the nearer neighbours, notably to that interesting old Jacobite family the Murray-Threiplands of Fingask Castle. Old Sir Peter was a typical Jacobite gentleman, and kept a collection of Jacobite relics. The two sisters sang Jacobite songs, and the whole house and surroundings, like that of the Forbes of Culloden, which I visited on another occasion, carried one back to the times of James VI. and VII. Both houses have since been dismantled.

My grandfather had been a collector of objects of art. In his youth he travelled in Italy and France with the Duke of Bedford and other collectors, and many of the treasures which he brought home are stored at Rossie Priory. The long cloisters form a suitable place for a museum, in which students of Egyptian,

Greek, or Roman history like to wander and learn and read. My aunt, Frances, Lady Kinnaird, was a connoisseuse of pictures and china, and helped to give us a love for, and appreciation of, the best in art.

When my father succeeded, and we made our home at Rossie Priory for part of each year, he naturally filled the house with children and grandchildren, and our time was fully occupied with entertaining visitors, visiting the tenants, making friends in the villages, and all the other duties which a large house brings with it.

We had a pair of delightful chestnut ponies, and drove my mother and the children all over the country-side, visiting the distant farms and cottages on the estate. My mother loved a drive through the flat Carse roads on an autumn evening, with the wonderful shadows of the corn stooks falling on the fields standing there ready for loading, and the blue light on the Carse braes with the heights of the Blacklaw and Dunsinane beyond. On the other side was the broad Tay, with the Fife hills folding down towards Perth. It made an exquisite scene.

Our life at Pall Mall East was of a quite different nature. We lived over Ransom, Bouverie and Company's bank in the house built by our uncle, Douglas Kinnaird, and often visited by the poet Byron. My father and brother came up every day to luncheon, and morning and evening we wrote for him in the bank parlour. We seldom sat down alone to luncheon, for my mother's advice was often sought after by home and foreign friends, who were always welcome at our table. French and Swiss pasteurs, grandchildren, favourite cousins and friends—Iza Darling, Di. Lewin, Horace Noel, Lucy Wylie, Edouard and Gustave Naville—often spent weeks and months with us.

CHAPTER II

ENGLAND AS IT WAS

My son, you will be surprised with how little wisdom the world is governed.

Faith that has to ignore facts is not faith.

Take up the challenge of discovered ignorance as a menace to girl life.

Throughout the ages the Spirit waits to take possession of human hearts, ever ready to fill even the humblest lives with its own power of breath and flame. This was the truth that had grown dusty and neglected in England in the seventeenth (and again in the twentieth) century. This still small voice has been drowned in the clash of arms and in the almost worse clamour of a thousand sects.

To those of us who are accustomed to modern methods of transit, lighting, shopping and intercourse, it is difficult to realise that the London of the middle of the last century still retained many of its early features. A few horse buses rumbled along the streets, and oil lamps on street poles were replaced by feeble lamps on posts, the lamplighter mounting his ladder to light each singly. At the large houses the postman called each day—not so occasionally as when letters cost ninepence or a shilling to send, and the sheet of paper had to be covered closely with writing and folded tightly so as to use every bit of space and ensure light weight. To-day the postman knocks at every door in Great Britain, and Rowland Hill's words in 1840 have been fulfilled—'the penny post, a penny a mile and the penny paper' have revolutionised the world.

How different also were the immediate surroundings. The shop of the olden times was often only a front dining-room with a pile of goods on a long table in the centre of the room, and a dapper shopman selling

to ladies linsey-wolsey or merino for a dress which would last for one or more seasons in a way that would content no shopper of to-day!

I can remember the introduction of the enlarged shop fronts of small sheets of plate glass in which a limited number of goods were displayed. Hitchcock, Williams in the City, in which the Y.M.C.A. was born; Howell and James in Waterloo Place; Waterloo House in Cockspur Street—all adopted this innovation, which has long since given place to modern and more enterprising methods of business. We children were fond of shopping and had our favourite counter where we were served by a friendly shopman.

The state of things existing in many counties, where agriculture was the only industry, almost baffles description. Yet, strange to say, the social conscience of classes living in comfort was so unenlightened as not to recognise the inconsistency of assenting to unfair conditions of labour, and at the same time being a member of a Christian Church which commands you to 'love your neighbour as yourself.' If one takes up even the Christian literature of that time on which young people were brought up, one is horrified at its point of view. In that well-known book 'Ministering Children,' which we all read, the girl of the big house rides on her pony to visit the girl dying of consumption and suffering from cold through want of a blanket or fireplace in her room, yet she never inquires who owns that cottage unfit for human habitation, and who gives such inadequate wages as to make it impossible to keep a sick child warm. The little rider of the white pony is supposed to be a heroine who does a Christian act in visiting her poorer neighbour. Little does she dream that the landlord is her father, and the cause of the illness his insanitary cottage. People nurtured with such views grew up with a crass ignorance of ugly facts, and no sense of personal responsibility for evil social conditions.

Fellow-membership in the Y.W.C.A., which I joined early in my life, provided an antidote to such a state of mind. I remember my first visits to a Y.W.C.A. restaurant, and asking why that pale-faced girl only had a cup of tea and a bun, and had to count her pence before she could have a warming pudding or a hot potato. It was the lowness of her wages in some sweated industry that made her live on such poor diet. A solid evening meal was unknown in smaller homes in those days, and this slender midday dinner was the important meal of the day for a working girl. Could you be a fellow-member, could you be a thinking Christian, and not feel some concern for these matters?

At the time of which I write, when school attendance was not compulsory, it was not an infrequent occurrence for a tiny child of seven or eight to sit over a glue pot, and, with her deft little fingers, fold matchboxes for twelve to fifteen hours until she fell asleep from exhaustion. In that pathetic book 'From Crow Scaring to the House of Commons,' the life of George Edwards, M.P., we read that he, as a little boy, 'was brutally beaten for falling asleep after fourteen hours of crow scaring, because he simply could not keep awake. Whole families were brought up on 5s. or 5s. 6d. a week; the rule was for single men to work for 2s. less. Before the repeal of the Corn Laws bread was 1s. per 4-lb. loaf, sugar 8d. per lb., tea 6d. per oz. The children would beg for another slice of bread, which was of the coarsest, the mother with tears in her eyes had to send them hungry to bed. The boys could only earn 2d. a day, and were subjected to many indignities.' These things were common. An old Norfolk woman, speaking of the struggle of her daughter with fourteen children and her pitiful wages, said: 'And that was a fine family to wriggle up with!' How true a description of many a woman's life then!

At that time there were no factories in London and

few in the South of England; they were limited to the northern towns. Gradually, however, 'Bryant and May's Matches,' 'Pink's Jams,' 'Spicer's Leather Works,' and innumerable other factories sprang up. The formation of Trade Unions and the Sweated Labour Exhibition in the West End in the nineties, in which the Y.W.C.A. took part, aroused much interest, but it was still thought not to be a woman's vocation to interest herself in trade matters.

More strange even are the facts concerning the efforts of Florence Nightingale to be allowed first to help her own neighbours, then to improve the nursing at the war front and at home. She was born on May 12, 1820, and because she was a woman her daily life was one long struggle for liberation. She records May 7, 1852, as the date at which she was conscious of 'a call from God to be a saviour.' She had already put the question to a friend in 1844, 'If I should determine to take to nursing, do you think it to be a dreadful thing?' But in 1845 she writes: 'There have been many difficulties about my first step which terrified Mama. I don't mean physically revolting things, but about a hospital, things about surgeons and nurses. . . . I wonder, if our Saviour were to walk on earth, if He would send me back to live this life of aimlessness which crushes me into vanity and deceit. Oh, for some strong thing to sweep this loathsome life into the past!' The life she thus describes was a life of ordinary conventionalism, prejudices and frivolity.

After her return from the Crimea she gives further insight into the life into which she was born. 'It would never do,' she was told, 'for a young woman in your station of life to go out in London without a footman walking behind.' But she was undaunted, and though still kept strictly at home she kept her eyes open. She wrote: 'Life is seen in a much truer form in London than in the country. You cannot help seeing as you drive in a carriage that life in the

next street is not as it has been made for you.' She held a great suspicion and dislike of what she called 'the artistic way of looking at life, reducing spiritual feelings into a magic lantern with which to make play for the amusement of the company.'

Politically there was much ignorance among women of the changes that had begun to be felt in England with the Reform Bill of 1832, by which rotten boroughs were disfranchised and a really representative House of Commons created. After the Chartist Movement in 1838, the principles of a People's Charter, the right of every man to have his home, his health, and his happiness, began to work their way into the minds of all classes.

Further changes had been brought about by the increase of steam locomotive engines on sea and land. The first railway of 1825 was followed by the Manchester and Liverpool Railway in 1830. Steady improvements continued until the day came when it was possible to travel for a penny a mile. These things had begun to change the life of England, and in the year 1855 'the habit of travel for pleasure which it fostered became a common thing.' What would they say to the movement and week-ends of to-day? The cheap and easy transport of goods, however, made modern England a more comfortable place to live in.

The cheapening of the telegraph had brought the world into more close relations still. Worked first as a private enterprise, the system did not come within the reach of all until it became a Government Service, and sixpenny telegrams became usual.

Since 1824, when Trade Unions were made possible by the repeal of laws prohibiting combinations of labourers, conditions had begun to improve, but it has taken a hundred years to make some employers recognise the rights of workers to these Unions.

In religious matters there was still very little liberty for the laity, and much laxity among the clergy, as in

the times when, three hundred years ago, in 1624, the sixty Friends, under their leader George Fox, left this country for the sake of liberty, and when Wesley, two hundred years later, was turned out of the Church of England for evangelistic preaching. At this time of which I write, the Church was divided into three factions—High, Low, and Broad—with a great chasm between Churchmen and Dissenters such as it would be difficult for this generation to conceive possible. Often when I have been taken for an Episcopalian, and explained that I am a member of the Presbyterian Church of England, I have seen the faces of my companions fall, and sometimes I have almost been treated as a pariah. I still notice a sense of surprise when I add: 'I am an elder of the Presbyterian Church.'

A curious incident which we remember in our family is that my great-uncle, the Earl of Gainsborough, nearly suffered imprisonment because more than nineteen assembled at family prayers in his house, and was fined forty pounds—twenty pounds for each meeting—the Religious Worship Bill prohibiting more than that number of people from assembling for any form of worship outside a Church of England.

The effect of such sentiments and such legislation was naturally to drive Nonconformists into deeper antagonism, but also to gain for them a great influence in the Christian thinking community. There was much ignorance, and many who went to Scotland expecting to find the Parish Church Episcopalian, were surprised instead to find that they themselves were Dissenters in Scotland, as our 'Church of Scotland as by law established' is Presbyterian. There is a story told of King Edward VII., that when he saw an Archbishop, staying at Balmoral, prepared to go to the little Episcopalian Chapel, he took him by the arm and said, 'We have no Dissenters here; come with me to the Parish Church.'

No one knows Scotland until he has been in Edinburgh at the time of the General Assemblies of the Church of Scotland (and now of the United Free and other Free Churches), when the whole of Edinburgh turns out to see the High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland, as the King's representative, drive in state through the streets and up the Mound to open the Assembly. During his residence at Holyrood Palace he is treated as royalty, and in his drives through the city every year the crowds salute him as such. We had an interesting time when my brother occupied that position for three years in succession, and we thoroughly enjoyed the amusing sensation of playing at being royalty.

The Assembly of 1924 marked a change which, as Dr. Fleming of Pont Street wrote, was virtually a revolution. The Labour Government was in power, and at the suggestion of the then Prime Minister, Ramsay Macdonald, whose wife I had the pleasure of calling a friend, the King appointed a Scottish miner to be his representative. Up to that time it was usual for a peer of the realm to occupy this position, and it was thought inconsistent for one of another birth to do so. As is so often the case in our country, a great change comes quite quietly. Few objected to this more democratic appointment, and gladly did obeisance to the King's representative, James Brown; many were proud that a Scottish elder and Sunday-school teacher drawn from the people should occupy this important place in our Church's court; and I for one was sorry that I could not be there.

CHAPTER III

VICTORIAN DAYS

They may have failed in their intellectual formulation, but at least they succeeded in finding a living God, warm and tender and near at hand, the Life of their lives, the Day Star of their hearts; their brave endeavour and their loyal obedience to vision have helped to make the modern world.—RUFUS JONES.

Those Early-Victorian virtues—self-repression, humility and patience under affliction.—MAY SINCLAIR.

Why do I go to church? Because I have a little plant within me that needs watering every Sunday.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

IT was into this England I was born, and into the Victorian age, though not into a Victorian family. My parents were married in the year of Queen Victoria's accession, and belonged to a school of thought whose consciences were awake, like that of Queen Victoria herself, to the evils of the times in which they lived, and they were not afraid to separate themselves from the things they knew to be bad, and to seek to promote a new standard of life.

In the early years of my life I was brought in contact with a large number of people whom I was too young to appreciate, but children were not as much considered in those days as they are now, and therefore we had to be content to take our parents' friends as they were, and if we objected to some as uninteresting and dull, we were simply told it was our duty to receive and entertain them; and if we further objected by saying we could not like them, my mother's answer was: 'I did not ask you to like them, for you cannot like people at will, but you can love them.' We violently protested, for my mother always allowed us to contradict her. Nevertheless the lesson has helped

me through life, for you can find something to love in almost everybody. Love interprets, and you can, by loving, often find something which enables you to overcome antipathy. All life thus interpreted becomes much more interesting and more beautiful.

This, and the following incident in the life of D. L. Moody, which I will tell in his words, have been a great help to me when tempted to dislike or hardness.

'My little daughter one day taught me a great lesson. I had visited a home where the child had died, and evidently expressed my sympathy in a cold manner. When we came out she said: "Daddy, would you have felt bad if it had been me?" I saw at once that sympathy is "feeling bad."'

Mr. Moody became the most sympathetic of men, so much so that it was a real pain to him to bid good-bye to his friends. I have seen him talk on a car until the train started and then jump off as it was moving, thus leaving no time to say good-bye.

We did not live in the days of advanced education for girls, and ours was necessarily limited. We often used to say that we were brought up on charity; any poor lady or poor foreigner who came along was engaged to teach us in order to give them work, and in this way we tried to learn drawing, painting, and Italian. Our resident governess was a young Swiss, who had no method of teaching. I am glad to say that my sister and I were not sent to school. My mother laid great stress on home influence.

Our best education was the contact with interesting people which we gained through acting as secretaries to our parents. Lord Palmerston and W. E. Gladstone were great personal friends of my father's. Sir Herbert Edwards, Lord Lawrence, Macleod Wylie, Sir William Muir were constant visitors from India; Sir William Mackinnon, William Graham, George Moore, General Sherman were intimate friends. We were taken to Foreign Office and Parliamentary

parties and read *The Times* and *Spectator* to my father and the *Daily News* regularly; in later life the *New Statesman* has been my weekly instructor.

It is the custom to speak of those days with a kind of scorn; we dislike the stiffness of the furniture which was perhaps a symbol of a certain stiffness of thought which rather repels to-day. The next generation, indeed, began to recoil from these habits and thoughts, and fought their way to many changes of which the present generation is reaping the fruits, as it in turn is now making way for yet another generation.

It should be remembered, however, that each of these generations has made its contribution to the whole, and has a lesson for the present day. It is true that the young to-day look on life from a different angle, and dislike the vocabulary which meant so much to their forerunners. They do not care now to speak of 'early piety,' and are suspicious of 'sudden conversion'; they object to the phrase 'separation from the world,' for these expressions do not convey to the people of to-day what they conveyed to ourselves of the older generation. Young people of to-day have got rid of certain conventions which mean little to them, but they must see to it that they serve their age as well as the earlier generation served theirs, that they pass on the vitalising power of the truth to preserve which our forefathers suffered very real persecution.

What first roused the Christian conscience of West End ladies to engage in social work was the condition of things in the East End of London. When through fellow-membership in Y.W.C.A. the bad conditions of workers became known—long hours, twelve to fourteen for shop assistants, only a monthly holiday for domestic workers, irregular work for factory hands, inattention to sanitary conditions—women realised that their sisters were living and working in conditions which their conscience could not sanction,

and they began to go down to the East End in their broughams and carriages, or even by omnibus.

It was soon clear to a group of these women that what was needed for girls coming to town was a home away from home, somewhere, for example, where those shut out all Sunday from the shop with no facility and not sufficient wages to go home, could meet together with a woman always there to be a friend to the lonely girls cut off from home and to warn them of the dangers of the town. This was the need wherever girls congregated to obtain employment, and something of the same kind of thing was wanted to group girls together in country districts, and so the Young Women's Christian Association began the work destined in less than seventy years to spread to no fewer than forty-nine countries with a membership of over one million.

Familiar figures at early Y.W.C.A. meetings were Elizabeth and Caroline Waldegrave, sisters of the well-known preacher, Lord Radstock. The latter married Sir Thomas Beauchamp, and two of her daughters, Ida Drury Lowe and Hilda Studd, devoted much of their lives to girls' work. But although these older sisters did not devote their energies to this branch of service, the unique work they did, especially for sailors, was an inspiration and a lesson to many girls. Elizabeth Waldegrave was one of the first to break away from Victorian practices; she often described how she 'came down' in the social scale, as measured by custom. In her youth she was followed in her walks by a footman—this name was invented because a manservant walked on foot behind his lady; next she could not go out unless accompanied by a maid; for long she could not drive in a hansom cab. Then she began to pay visits and go about alone; but as she wanted to devote her income as well as herself to Christian service, she finally gave up a maid and a home and lived in lodgings. Many of us have had

the same experience of coming down in public estimation! We were sometimes allowed to go and stay with her in the East End of London or in Southsea, and remember boarding with her, by a rope ladder, a man-of-war, carrying a bundle of Testaments and Gospels to give round the ship, and kneeling with her beside drunken sailors, helping them to overcome the temptations which beset them on landing.

It was one of the inspirations of my childhood to hear of these and like-minded women who all came to my mother for counsel. Mrs. Holcombe and Lady Aberdeen were my godmothers, and the former gave me books truly of the Victorian period; stories of little girls who died because they were 'good,' and I used to hope I was becoming good when I lay down on my bed, and hoped I should soon die.

To our lasting advantage we were not brought up in a groove or in a set, and it was not at first my intention to work in the Y.W.C.A., which was then too small to attract me.

Six months of the year we lived in the country and went on Sunday morning to the old parish church at Beckenham, and there I came into touch with one whose work made a great impression on me.

Catherine Marsh, the Navvy's Friend, as she was called, emerged from one country parsonage, and spent part of her life in another, that of her sister, Mrs. Chalmers at Beckenham. She had a peculiar charm, possessing a loving and impulsive nature, with glowing enthusiasm, and she was a great humanitarian. On the opposite hill to that on which her vicarage home was built, a large body of working-men came to dig out the ground for the Crystal Palace. They came from making some of the canals which were then being cut to intersect the country, and they had adopted wild nomadic ways, living in hut villages, and were outside ordinary civic regulations. It did not occur to these strong men to take part in ordinary

country life, and they had no truck with the cities. Often in these navvy settlements there were no schools for the children, and even if they were near enough to a schoolhouse there was usually no room for the children who did not belong to the parish. Catharine Marsh adventured herself, in a way then unknown to women, among this wild group, preached to them, made friends and drew them to her brother's church.

Perhaps it was the inspiration of meeting Catherine Marsh in her old age, and of visiting the graves of some of these men in the old churchyard under the heavy yew trees, which led us many years after, and not many miles away, to copy her example and to visit and to make friends with a similar body of fine working-men, and to put our garden and fields at their disposal for cricket and Sunday meetings.

Following Catherine Marsh was Elizabeth, better known as Mrs. Charles, Garnett, who broke free a little later from the trammels of social custom, and was in consequence ostracised by most of her husband's family. Left a widow after eleven months' happiness, she turned her attention to the terrible social condition of the men Catherine Marsh had worked amongst at Beckenham. No one who has met Mrs. Garnett can ever forget her unique personality and indomitable energy; she always told me that what attracted her to me was that when she came to our home and was introduced to me, I had ink on all my fingers and, she declares, on the tip of my nose! She had done in the North of England what Catherine Marsh did in the South, but in her case she had to live amongst the navvies, sleeping in a shanty or a hut, because they were far away from the haunts of men—away in the mountains creating reservoirs for the huge cotton, wool, and iron industrial cities which were then being extended. To accompany her on these expeditions, to hear her speak to these men at dinner-hour meetings, to see rough men with tears in their eyes confess

their sins and resolve to live a new life, was an education in work which could never be forgotten. Her influence was no less remarkable over some of the great contractors who have opened up our own and other countries for trade and commerce through the railways and docks, which they so wonderfully conceived and developed.

The work of Catherine Marsh and Mrs. Charles Garnett among the navvies, which led to the formation of the Navvy Mission, now merged in the Industrial Christian Fellowship, attracted me immediately on leaving the schoolroom to take active part in altruistic work, and for some years navvies were my chief interest.

Amongst the great contractors the man I most admired was Sir John Jackson, who always had the welfare of his men at heart, and himself attended and sometimes organised meetings for their convenience. I remember his telling me that in later years, when the Employers' Liability Act came into force, it made no difference to him, as he had always felt responsible for the men who got injured in his employ. I often wish for more employers like him. He never amassed the large fortune which so many Railroad kings have done.

Gradually Victorian ideals and practices passed away, and a more liberal spirit prevailed. The Churches began to give more responsible work to women, and many offered themselves as missionaries to all parts of the world. Women's branches of Trade Unions were formed, though votes for women, a woman M.P., and a woman preacher were unthought of by the great bulk of people. Politically the interest in a woman's vote was confined to some sixteen M.P.'s, of whom my father was one. He regularly voted for the annually introduced Bill for 'Votes for Women,' while my mother, like many women of the time, was against it.

CHAPTER IV

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Prayer and pains with faith in Jesus Christ will accomplish anything.—*First Y.W.C.A. Report.*

Where God is there cannot be failure, though there may seem to be defeat, and the man who is resting in the Lord can watch events, like the man who is watching the sunrise.—R. BARBOUR.

Get Christ and human love expands in all its features.—G. FOX.

Get Him and the satyrs and owls are scared off like the night shadows before the rising sun. Get Him and the difficult resolves and self-denying ordinances and responsibilities of opening life are disarmed and transfigured into so many willing pages to their liege lord.—R. BARBOUR.

As new opportunities opened for Christian activities and a fresh sense of responsibility was born, it was only natural that women should begin to organise themselves for service. With the abolition of slavery a new appreciation of the value of life was created in men's minds, though it was long before they set the same value on women as on men, and I remember the horror with which the claim for the equality of men and women was hailed.

A curious family incident reveals this state of thought in regard to women. As I chose to remain unmarried I found that having avoided the estate that was then considered woman's only vocation, young cousins who were just married, not half our age, were sent in to dinner by my sister-in-law before my sister and myself, according to the customary thought of the time. This could not happen to-day: it is no come-down to be unmarried.

Above all, as the application of a Christian standard to social life, and its implications, began to be ac-

cepted, women also realised that they must take their part, and the Young Women's Christian Association has the honour of being the first women's society to unite women and girls for mutual service.

My mother, Mary Jane Kinnaird, was in the vanguard of all such movements; although she was the mother of seven children (Mary, the eldest, died young), she personally directed their education and herself gave them the daily religious teaching which she would never consider as a lesson but a treat; although she was her husband's secretary and right hand and composed his speeches, although many leading men came to her for her opinion and relatives sought her advice, she wrote to her son every day (except Saturday, to save work for the Sunday postman), with some Bible notes, and she found time to think out the needs of other people's girls and to plan for their safety and the uplift of womanhood. I can best show how the ideal of the Association came to her by quoting from an appreciation of her work:

'Mary* and Emma† were the two girls who, unknown to each other, set the stream of work and prayer flowing in England. It was the time of the Crimean War; Mary in her London home felt for the nurses coming back from the terrible hospitals of the Crimea, foreseeing with her wonderful prophetic instinct the employment of women, not only as nurses, but in every then unthought-of profession; seeing the need of stewardesses for the emigrant ships to look after girls on the long journey in sailing ships. She had the imagination to see what Hostels would mean in every part of the world, and opened in London in 1855 the first Home for girls. But her thoughts also carried her further afield. A young married woman, she could

* Afterwards Lady Kinnaird. † Miss Robartes.

not travel, but she worked in her drawing-room at 34, Hyde Park Gardens, drawing up a scheme which is the origin of the World's Y.W.C.A. programme of to-day, although at that time her thoughts did not go beyond Great Britain and Ireland, and her work was for London, of which Association she was the President. Further, she gathered "seamstresses" and "milk-girls" for a Bible-class after dinner into a room she took in the very centre of London, opposite her next home at 2, Pall Mall East. This was really the first women's club in England. She also gathered her friends and relations for Saturday afternoon prayer-meetings, and she held the first Y.W.C.A. Committees in this little room at 118, Pall Mall, S.W. 1.

'Emma was of a quite different type. In her quiet country home, away from the touch of the busy world, afraid to see herself in print, timid and retiring, she called her own girl friends together for prayer. Catching the spirit of the Revival, she learned the secret of intercession, and found one prayer after another answered, one girl after another converted. She grasped the need of the great world which God loved, and felt her responsibility, but she could only work in a quiet way from the home she never left. In a tiny book, still preserved, we have the names of twenty-seven girl members whom she enrolled in a Prayer Union, some of whom, like the Seventy of old, went to other cities. Their names are written neatly in her careful hand-writing.

'With the names of Mary and Emma I link the name of Agnes, who years later was to be the first paid Foreign or Overseas Secretary. She was a product

of the American rivulet, the third source of the magic letters Y.W.C.A. The source in that great land had been a group of homesick girls in one of the large American colleges, who met on Sunday afternoon to read their Bibles and to remind themselves of home. They were comforted, and agreed to meet again. Had they been in England they would have made tea! On the next Sunday one girl bounded in and said: "My brother has a College Y.M.C.A. Let us call ourselves a Y.W.C.A." She thought it was a new idea. The girls chose as a motto the very same one that thousands of miles away Emma had chosen: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." No wonder when the World's Y.W.C.A. looked about for a motto they chose this one as suitable to a Women's Movement as to an individual group. Years later, when Agnes went to college, she was swept into this stream, for the idea of those few girls had taken root, and spread from college to college till there are now over 100,000 members of the Student Department of the Y.W.C.A. in the United States of America.'

When Mary in her London home heard of this new fount of spiritual power over on the American Continent, she sent her son and two daughters, in 1887, to see if some co-operation could be effected. They found other associated Y.W.C.A.'s without an Evangelical Basis, as well as this College Y.W.C.A., and although Lord Kinnaird, Mary's son, and Mr. G. L. Dashwood, a London worker, spoke to the delegates assembled in Fifteenth Street, New York City, the Y.W.C.A.'s drew more closely to the Student Young Women's Christian Association of Canada and U.S.A., which was gradually extending on the evan-

gelical Basis to the cities. As had occurred in Great Britain, the stream of prayer and study resulted in a stream of work. College members, on their return to their several cities, instituted at once a City Y.W.C.A. In their studies they were brought into contact with great world movements, and began to feel that interest in girls of the non-Christian countries which has been so characteristic of our movement.

To the names of the two young women to whose faith and prayer girls owe so much to-day, must be added the names of several in Great Britain who were truly pioneers. The first was Lucy Moor, who died in October, 1923, to whom Emma Robartes, shortly before her death, handed her precious lists, asking her to become President of what had become known as the Provincial Young Women's Christian Association. Lucy Moor was a clever woman and a first-rate Greek scholar, with an acute mind and a humble devout spirit. She felt that she was hardly equipped to guide a public movement, but she loved girls, and for this reason she saw, as many less real and humble souls do not, that she should call to her help someone with the needed characteristics of leadership. She found this in Mrs. Pennefather, wife of the founder of the Barnet, which afterwards grew into the Mildmay, Conference. Had she not been the busy wife of a London clergyman, and occupied with her Mildmay Deaconess Establishment, she would have been a valuable leader, but she had not the special love of girls which is a necessity for Y.W.C.A. leadership, so after a few years she got into communication with Mary Jane Kinnaird and suggested that the work started by Miss Robartes and that begun by my mother should be united. M. F. Ely, then secretary of the Central Institute, took the matter in hand, and so the Y.W.C.A. started on a new career.

It is difficult to realise the position of women who found themselves in a new situation as leaders of girls

who did not know what it was to be led, or to what they were being taken. What was the Y.W.C.A.? Was it a Society for promoting female preaching? Their mothers had done without it, why should it be be needed now? These and many other questions had to be answered by the women who first took up the Y.W.C.A. secretaryship as a profession. A lodging-house for the nurses coming from abroad, opened in 1855 and continued in 1856 under Miss Walsh as the North London Home, at 57, Upper Charlotte Street; a home away from home for the girls coming to a city, as the one next opened in Bond Street may be called; a female strangers' lodging-house at Bristol, started in 1862—these could be understood, but an Evening Home or Institute was a strange idea; and the word 'Club' in connection with women was unthought of in those days. Three names stand out in the beginning of the London work: one that of a British woman, the next of a French woman, the third of an English business woman—the Misses Varney, Baldwin, and Malden.

In three centres in which girls were employed, Evening Homes with Classrooms and Library were established:

1. At 118, Pall Mall, moving to 19, Great Portland Street in 1868.

2. At 37, Great Ormond Street, moving to 33, Red Lion Square, and on to 31, and subsequently to 14, Finsbury Square, E.C.

3. At Upper Charlotte Street, moving later to Craven Street, Strand, and on to Keppell Street, Russell Square.

The girls began to turn in on the dark evenings when they were afraid to walk about, and especially on Sundays, when they were turned out of the houses of business all day. A free Sunday tea following the Bible-class was always on the programme—a practice which was continued for many years until the

present week-end habit reduced the number of Sunday classes.

Girls began to feel the need of continuing their education. To many girls coming up from the country it was still necessary to teach the three R's, for the Education Bill of 1870 had only begun to operate. It was no disgrace at this time not to be able to read and write, though when one sees what girls read now, one begins to wonder whether things are really any better! To-day, when I have before me some modern magazines with their appeal to the lowest side of human nature, the power of reading seems to be almost a dangerous thing. But printing and books have come to stay, so we must see to it that we supply what will build up modern womanhood in the best way possible. The Bible, thanks to the British and Foreign Bible Society, who publish parts of the Scriptures now in 781 languages, and to the London Bible and Domestic Mission, in which my mother and sister Louisa took an active part, was beginning to have a wider circulation, and the opening and inquiring mind of working girls wanted it explained. Twice a week they met in Bible-classes—on Sunday afternoon, and on some weekday evening late, for business hours were till eight or nine o'clock or even later in the suburbs, and attendances at the seven o'clock week-night service, which was common then in Parish Churches, as it is not now, was impossible to a business woman.

There are some, to us, strange ideas in the wording of the first Y.W.C.A. leaflet, which give an insight into these times when things were so different. Mary Jane Kinnaird and her friends evidently looked with great concern on the changes in home life that industry even then was bringing about. She writes: 'God has planted men in families, and every breach of His ordinance is made at the risk of some peril to the member separated from the rest of the family.'

A curious phrase occurs in the appeal of 1856, when 57, Upper Charlotte Street was opened for a Bible-class and a *Missionary Meeting was attempted.* It is interesting to note that even at this early date the social element was not absent from their thoughts. The rooms were recognised as 'affording some recreation after labour.'

No less interesting and new was the spread of the Y.W.C.A. in country districts. It was a fascinating experience to any girl, with the spirit of adventure, to start a District Referee's tour in her county. It might mean a long drive through snow and rain to a village meeting in a crowded hot room, where the girls were thirsting for spiritual help; it might mean lodging in unaccustomed places, perhaps with only one sheet and a pillow, or no clean sheets at all; or it might mean a train journey to a newly-opened-up town where the girls had been unduly excited by the arrival of a garrison, or of visitors for sport, and could not, after the upheaval, return to the old way of life. Then we had our meeting, explained a Branch programme, and enrolled any number from fifty to a hundred girls. 'Once a week is quite often enough to bring girls out of their homes,' said the old-fashioned mother, shutting her eyes, as old-fashioned people are apt to do, to the fact of the excitements that tempt a girl out every night. So we drew up a monthly programme for one meeting each week: 1. Bible-class or Address. 2. Social Gathering. 3. Sewing Meeting. 4. Educational Classes, and on the extra fifth night once a quarter a speaker from the Y.W.C.A. on 'Thrift,' 'Reading,' 'Foreign Missions,' and 'Duties of Membership.' In an even more isolated country district the programme had to include a monthly Saturday afternoon meeting, and only a few evening meetings on moonlight nights. In these ways, membership rapidly grew all over Great Britain and Ireland.

This programme has been adopted during the last

few years in many Women's Institutes, with the great disadvantage that two subjects of vital importance to women are shut out—religion and politics. The Y.W.C.A. leaders of that day were enlightened women, and knew that girls needed an all-round programme, not omitting the spiritual side.

Among our leaders in those days were Rebecca Hind Smith, in her Quaker-like garb, for she always wore a long black cloak and a poke bonnet, an enthusiast for total abstinence; and Mrs. Stephen Menzies, who developed large meetings for women in the Liverpool Association, with the innovation of a woman speaker—herself. Her greatest contribution was in the paper *Our Own Gazette*, which, in trust for the Y.W.C.A., she jointly owned with Lord Kinnaird (who, with his early generosity to the Association which he served for twenty-three years as President, guaranteed half the expenses). My earliest recollections of *Our Own Gazette* are nocturnal confabulations in London hotels or in Liverpool houses over its production, issue or circulation. A young women's paper was unknown, and by many thought unneeded. It reached a circulation of nearly 100,000 through Mary Jane Menzies's genius and intense love of girls.

Another who exercised faithful and untiring service was Mrs. Theodore Howard, two of whose daughters —Mrs. W. H. Somervell and Mrs. Fox—have held important posts in the Association. Bromley, Kent, owes much to her. Although, or perhaps because, she was the mother of many children, she mothered the girls of that town in a unique way. In a like manner Mrs. J. H. Tritton, who had nine children, and Mrs. E. W. Moore, who had seven, served the Association for many years, thus showing that family life is not incompatible with devoted service in the Y.W.C.A.

The London Association owes a great deal also to

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Dashwood, who did so much for the Hostel and Restaurant work. Their daughter Marion had a genius for organisation. Whatever post she held in the Association—and she held many—she was always especially looked on as the friend of nurses, and the Nurses' Union was her creation and favourite child. My early recollection is of morning meetings near the London Hospital at 10 a.m., for the night nurses coming off duty, and of social gatherings in the house of Lady Blanche Smith, President of the Nurses' Union. These were held in drawing-rooms in order to give nurses a little home life in their arduous toil. Mrs. Careg McCowan and others lent their houses. Adeline, Duchess of Bedford's sympathetic addresses were a help to many, and H.R.H. Princess Christian gave her name as Patroness of the Y.W.C.A. Nurses' Union. Four other daughters of Mr. Dashwood—Edith, Ethel, Avice, and Constance (now Mrs. Evan Hopkins)—were active workers in the Association. The former was Hon. Secretary with me for London for some years.

In the Scottish Division I can recall many remarkable woman. Argyllshire produced two unique characters: Lady Victoria Campbell, called the Queen of Tiree, and Mrs. Peter Mackinnon, each of whom linked herself with the new Association and extended it in Scotland. Victoria Campbell had two great interests in life—woman's work in the Church of Scotland and the Young Women's Christian Association. On the death of her father, the great Duke of Argyll, she lived in a little house in the Island of Tiree. Suffering always from lameness, it was wonderful how she did her work as District Referee of Argyll and the Isle, going about helped by her beloved fisherfolk in and out of small boats. After being lifted over the slippery rocks she would take her Y.W.C.A. meeting and go back in the darkness of the night. Nothing deterred her from fulfilling an engagement at the

Bible-class or monthly Y.W.C.A. meeting, which was a feature of Y.W.C.A. work all over Scotland. I spent some never-to-be-forgotten weeks in the little inn in Tiree with my childhood's friend Lilias Graham, then living at Armadale Castle, feeding on Scotch scones and honey, oatcake and porridge, and making acquaintance with the islanders, accompanying Victoria Campbell to some of her meetings. At other times she would summon me to the side of her couch when at Argyll Lodge, Campden Hill, or to attend the Women's Guild Meeting at the old tumble-down centre of the Church of Scotland in London, Crown Court, Covent Garden, since renovated, of which my nephew Arthur became an Elder. I always enjoyed these times of friendly intercourse, for the pain she suffered never clouded the brightness of her intellect nor the breadth of her interests.

The other West Highlandwoman was the Cantyre District Referee, Mrs. Peter Mackinnon, who was also a natural genius, with a fascinating Highland temperament which made her so attractive. As Mr. Peter Mackinnon was a partner in the London Office of the British India Company they had to be much in London. He was the youngest of the three nephews of Sir William Mackinnon, one of the sons of Scotland who arrived penniless in Calcutta and rose to be head of his firm. She with her sister, Helen Love, took a warm interest also in the girls of London. They came to the Conferences and bazaars followed by a train of friends. In later life she lived at that delightful spot on the West Coast—Ronachan.

The Countess of Moray at Kinfauns Castle, Lady Ogilvy Dalgleish of Errol Park, Lady Armitstead of Castle Huntly, Miss Moody Stuart of Annat, all joined with Lady Kinnaird in spreading the Association on their estates in the Carse of Gowrie. In our county, Perthshire, the leaders of the Revival were connected with our district. I often look up to Hill-

town of Abernyte adjoining our property and think of Andrew Bonar of Glasgow, Robert McCheyne of Dundee, and John Wilson of Abernyte, all leaders in the Revival, walking up that steep hill to spend times of fellowship and prayer with the farmer James Ritchie, to fit them for their meetings. These three names were household words all over Scotland from the fifties to the seventies, and though they took no part in the Y.W.C.A., the daughter of the former, Mrs. W. H. Oatts, has been one of the prominent leaders in the Scottish Y.W.C.A. since before her marriage.

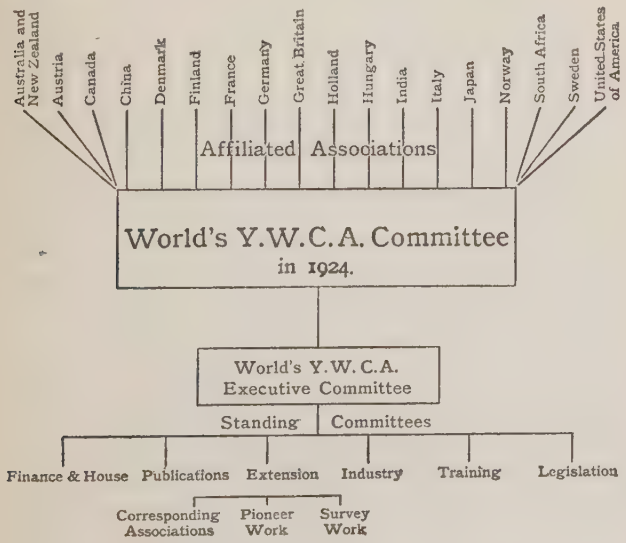
In Ireland Mrs. Sullivan, Grace Lefroy, afterwards Mrs. Hatt Noble, and Sarah Marrable, who is still alive, will always be remembered as laying foundations and organising developments which have been far-reaching in their results. In England, also, many remarkable women who contributed to lay good foundations and led the way in women's work first learned to speak, think and pray in the Y.W.C.A., and then to take part in more public work.

It must be remembered that at that time there existed none of the many women's societies which occupy the energy of so many girls nowadays. The G.F.S. did not exist. Before the formation of the Y.W.C.A., the first organisation of, and for, women, people did not believe in woman's work in the Church.

Even at its beginning, the Association, true to its Christian name and outlook, had interests outside itself, and its early leaders took a share in evangelical work on the Continent of Europe, in France, Belgium, Bohemia, now Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Italy.

It was usual in the thirties for the aristocracy to visit the Continent, driving through France and Italy in their own carriages, with a little dickey at the back for luggage, at a very different pace from that at which I came back from our World's Commission in Switzerland in 1920, in an American automobile,

sleeping only twice on the way. They used to go for some months, and the evangelicals among them who were interested in foreign evangelisation visited the Protestant ministers in the Vaudois valleys, and the Waldensians of the Italian hills. Mary, Countess of Harrowby, was one of these thus interested, and she became Treasurer of our Continental Committee and took a warm interest in the Association for many years. Living in simplicity in her stiff house in Grosvenor Square, graceful, demure, dignfied, she was the embodiment of Victorian womanhood, and exercised a quiet influence wherever she went. Like to her was the Countess of Aberdeen, mother-in-law of the better-known Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, whose quiet piety could not fail to influence many. She was my godmother. Mrs. F. Barker, of Sydney, and Lucy Woods, developed the Colonial Committee; from these two Committees and that of U.S.A. and Canada, the World's Association came into being.



CHAPTER V

UPHEAVAL

There is a way into the heart and mind of every generation; and the way into the heart of ours is to show that there is that in our religion which can grapple with social evils and point to the true way of social revival.—E. S. Woods.

We cannot choose—it were not best.
God knows that if we trust, all will be well.
I pray it with shut eyes and open mind.
I want, be it with all my soul attest,
Nothing that will not ultimately tell
To the eternal good of all mankind.

Paul Shivell.

Three great movements—the first religious, the second social, the third political—had a marked effect on the Y.W.C.A. as the years went by, and each proved a call to renewed activity.

The first was the visit in 1874 of the American missioners, D. L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey, which brought a new era in evangelistic effort. The extraordinary personality of the great evangelist and the uniqueness of the double leadership exercised an unparalleled influence on men and women of all grades of society. Moody met many successful business men in the city, one of whom remarked, 'I would not care to be in a business with that man as a rival'—a tribute to the personality which was the human factor in the success of the Moody and Sankey Mission.

A large number of young people—Beauchamps, Dennys, Drummonds, Hoggs, Studds, Waldegraves and ourselves—rallied round him and were his co-workers in the four great Missions held in London in 1874 in the Agricultural Hall, N., the Opera House, Haymarket, W., Camberwell, S.E., and Stratford, E. In all of these neighbourhoods a marked impression

was made, as was testified to by the erection of Conference Halls in Stratford and Eccleston Street, and the banding together of young women and young men in the Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A. We girls and young men formed a band that accompanied him round to these four quarters of London, and we used to spend our Saturdays together in open-air games, and at the close of the Mission some never-to-be-forgotten week-ends were spent at Dorking and Edenbridge. D. L. Moody was the life and soul of the party, and none of us who enjoyed the hospitality of Louisa, Lady Ashburton, and of Mr. T. A. and Mr. E. M. Denny, will ever forget the radiant addresses of Henry Drummond, whose evangelistic gift was at its height then. The wonderful batting of C. T. and Kynaston Studd, the former belonging to the All-England cricket team which went round the world before he joined the seven young men of Cambridge to go to China in the C.I.M., and the energetic croquet of D. L. Moody himself added to the happiness of the week-ends.

We were all strictly sabbatarians in those days, and did not use our carriage on Saturday nights or Sundays. The Evangelists, during the seven weeks' Opera House Mission, although they spent the week with their families in the suburbs or country, always stayed in the vicinity of their meetings for the Sunday. D. L. Moody stayed in Richmond Terrace with Mr. and Mrs. Quintin Hogg, Ira D. Sankey with us at 2, Pall Mall East. These houses were the Rectory and Vicarage of this great Mission, of which Mr. Hogg and my brother were the secretaries. Our father and mother daily entertained from twenty to thirty people to luncheon after the noon prayer meeting, and from ten to twelve to early dinner before the evening meeting. The choir practices also took place in our house, and we three sisters were constantly at work helping our brother and Quintin Hogg in their

arduous work. They organised a system of tickets for special boxes in the Opera House, by means of which West Enders were brought into touch with this great mission, and royalty attended on several occasions. We arranged late meetings for shop assistants and business women, as at that time there was no Shop Assistants' Act to reduce the hours during which shops might remain open, and nine o'clock was not an infrequent time for such meetings.

Mr. W. T. Paton, whose connection with the Y.W.C.A. began at that period, was secretary of the North London Mission, and afterwards gathered the girls who had come forward in the after meetings into Y.W.C.A. groups. The Percy and Cloudesley Institutes owe their origin to this time.

The same effort on the part of the Y.W.C.A. in other districts to gather together the young converts of this wonderful mission brought a great addition to the membership, and stimulated the formation of new branches all over the country in the towns where the Moody and Sankey Mission went.

Although the physical tokens which have sometimes accompanied a revival were wanting (as that out of which the Y.W.C.A. sprang, 1855-1861), it was nevertheless in a very real sense a revival, and prayer meeting attendance greatly increased. It put an end to long dull meetings with prolonged addresses; it introduced a new era of singing the Gospel, and the revival of psalms and hymns and spiritual songs was a marked feature of this time. The mission hymn-book, 'Songs and Solos,' became a favourite with those of us who were in the choir and for many years after. Beginning with only thirty-two hymns, which we sang over and over again, it increased to one hundred and twenty, and now, with the addition of old hymns, the number is over one thousand, and the circulation throughout the world is immense.

The next movement which powerfully affected the

Association, and brought it in a new way before the public as an organisation which could meet the needs of girls at any time, was due to the startling revelations made by W. T. Stead of the deeply-planned machinations of evil-minded people in our parks and streets. The forces of evil were found to be powerfully organised; the White Slave Traffic spread its ramifications like a net, out of the meshes of which young girls could not extricate themselves. Their agents went about in the guise of clergymen and nurses; by advertisements and false promises they were everywhere surrounding girls with dangers leading them to bondage. The Y.W.C.A. at once came forward and began to watch the parks and railway stations, and a Park Mission Office was opened. A Lodge to which the girls without a reference could come was soon added, and Mrs. Walker of Bristol provided the salary of a Park Mission Worker, Miss Norris, an experienced worker from Bristol, a quiet woman full of power, whose duty it was to care for nursery maids and other girls in the park. I, as honorary secretary for the London Division at that time, issued an appeal booklet (the first of many since), called 'Prevention and Protection,' which brought in thousands of pounds for our London work.

We also set to work to organise Travellers' Aid Service, and asked other societies to co-operate in order to cover a wider area. Thus we formed the 'Travellers' Aid Society,' under the auspices of the Y.W.C.A., which has done, and is still doing, a unique piece of work for travellers. Lady Frances Balfour, Annie Wingate, Miss Jenner and Miss Graham took this in hand, and Miss Jessie Gordon, as secretary, has carried on from that day to the present time, first at the old offices at 16A, Old Cavendish Street, and now at 6, Baker Street, W. 1.

So the social implication of a Christian Association for young women began to be understood.

Women's restaurants and cafetaria work next received our attention. We opened the first restaurant for women in Mortimer Street—an unheard-of thing in those days when few young women went out to work, and this was followed by a second at Princess House, Brompton Road, to which I have alluded in another place. I often feel if we had pursued this policy we might by this time had an income-bringing company which would have given us to-day a good income, but women did not understand business in those days, and we usually relied on charitable contributions, though our policy now is to make these and our hostels self-supporting. The most efficient cafetaria to-day is that connected with Bedford House, 108, Baker Street, on American principles, under one of our most faithful Y.W.C.A. workers, Ethel Knight.

Our hostel work also made a great move forward. I can remember the anxiety with which I used often to scan the newspaper to see if money could be obtained from some generous givers. One day I heard of a strange man of the name of Barlow-Kennett who advertised gifts of £500 for housing purposes. I immediately got into touch with him, and can almost feel to-day the thrill with which I took from his letter the torn half of a £500 note. The other half followed shortly; I pieced them together and took the note to the bank. I realised what joy one could bring to tired fellow-workers, hampered for want of room, by collecting money to give them better premises. This money went to Walworth, a needy district, where Lilian Duff and Fanny Wynne superintended the Y.W.C.A. Rochester Institute, Home and Restaurant, at which I spent much of my time.

Changes were also going on in the country, and many efforts were made to warn country girls before the new adventures of life in a large town, which then, as now, drew girls from their quiet homes. In Kent,

and then in Forfarshire, Kincardine and Perthshire we tried to do our share in this.

During the four months that we lived at Rossie Priory, and during the four to six weeks that I stayed there with my brother, we made a point of visiting the homes of all the members so as to get into personal touch with their surroundings and lives, for we still keep an enthusiastic branch of the Y.W.C.A. of over a hundred girls, and have found it a real benefit to many. My young niece and her pony cart were pressed into the Association service, and she drove me all over the country-side. The other opportunity for fellowship was at the annual garden party which my sister-in-law always gave to our members, and which was a reunion of tenants and cottagers' wives and daughters. In a letter this year from one of these member's—a forester's wife—she reminds me that for ten years she answered the Bible Questions, for several more taught her sisters and young neighbours at the railway siding where she lived, and is now the chief leader of work in her village church. Last year she brought her daughter to join.

The third great impulse to the Association from outside was a political one—the terrible war, from the results of which we are still suffering so acutely. The story of the Association's war work I shall tell in a later chapter.

CHAPTER VI

SOME OF MY RESPONSIBILITIES

Blessed is he who has found his work, let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose, he has found it and will follow it.—CARLYLE.

Ancient inscriptions or gramala consist mostly of medical or religious formulæ supposed to be effective in producing material welfare, either *charms*, or else *boast*, or else *contracts*. We record lives still vibrating with energy and inspiration, not charms.—GILBERT MURRAY.

Oh God, that puttest into my heart this great desire to devote myself to the sick and sorrowful, I offer it to Thee. Do with it what is for Thy service.—F. NIGHTINGALE.

THE Young Women's Christian Association has always been democratic in its aims and practice, and no distinction is made between those who need its help and those who make the help possible. But as girls in increasing numbers flocked into commercial, industrial and professional life, it became clear that some sort of specialisation was necessary, and the Association decided to appoint different committees to study the needs of different groups of girls and direct the work of the sections and departments thus formed. I took an active part in the organisation of each of these in turn.

The first movement in this direction came out of a conference in 1886 in the old Morley Hall, in which 'factory girls of England' and 'girls of leisure' were on the programme. By 1886 the factory was becoming the usual place for girls to seek employment, and in many places so rapidly did it develop that factories and slums, except in the small Scottish towns, became almost synonymous terms. At the other end of the social scale, girls of leisure were becoming more free; they not only drove alone in a hansom—quite an

innovation—but they might walk alone and travel second class, until with the improvement of railway carriages and a less restricted view of life, third class became common to all. The one class of the Tubes is the last product of this improved spirit. The Association had organised since 1870 a Drawing-room Meeting Department, supervised by Mrs. Locker Lampson, Annie Hogg, Mrs. Abel Smith and Mrs. Edward Trotter. Its purpose was to arrange Bible-classes and drawing-room meetings in private houses, and to promote the study of the Bible among girls living at home. Kate Hankey was one of the first to conduct such meetings, and I remember my elder sisters' enthusiasm over her classes. Mrs. Ashley Carus Wilson's college by post were also much appreciated. The conference felt that an organised department to develop this work was needed. This they named 'Time and Talents,' and appointed Miss Minna Gollock as secretary (succeeded by Marcia Rickard), and Mrs. Abel Smith as president.

From the same conference emanated the Factory Helpers' Union, which united a movement set on foot by a cousin of Emma Robartes with our definite work for factory girls. It has now developed into the Federation of Working Girls' Clubs.

'Juniors' had always been a favourite department and there were juniors connected with most branches, but work among children is always easy compared with that among adolescents, and Sunday schools and bands of hope are organised in every district. We have felt, therefore, called to devote our energies to the girls of the 'teen' age, and also to those at the other end of school life—the teachers, feeling that if they can be helped to a Christian view of life we shall better attain our end. A Teachers' Department was formed in 1896 at the request of a number of teachers who had met the Misses Gollock at the Eastbourne Holiday Home, a work presided over by the Misses

Bell and Hull, two of those old time honorary secretaries who made the Y.W.C.A. a real power in their town and county.

During that winter the Gollock sisters carried on a weekly teachers' meeting at 16A, Old Cavendish Street, and the department grew. It spread to Bristol where lived Mary Clifford, the 'guardian angel of Bristol,' so beautifully named from her charm and from the fact that she was the first woman Guardian. It was introduced to Norfolk by Blanche Pigott, who immediately grasped its importance for county teachers. Anna Buxton, Rosalind Buxton, L. Duff, Mrs. Gurney Hoare, and some of the earnest, capable women teachers that Norfolk produced at that time, threw themselves into the work, which Basilia Duff, one of Norwich's lady Mayoresses, afterwards took over. Such was its influence that the inspector recognised an altered tone in every school where there were members. Mrs. Amand Routh became president of the work for London, with a committee of sixteen teachers. Her house, 14A, Manchester Square, became practically the London Institute for Teachers, and Dr. Amand Routh an assistant secretary! To meetings in their drawing-room hundreds of teachers look back as a place of consecration to a higher life. Mrs. Rolland took charge of several hundred scattered members.

There were other groups of girls with whom the Y.W.C.A. was glad to be associated. One great group was that of the Government Post Office Department. Miss Edmonston and others had started a Postal and Telegraph Service Christian Union, which they affiliated with the Y.W.C.A. At first girls were employed only in the General Post Office, but gradually the Post Office Savings Bank and Postal Order Department spread to Hammersmith and Holloway. Twice a year examinations are held in small towns all over the country, and the clever girls of

England, Scotland and Ireland come to their county town to sit for the Civil Service Examination and often stay in the Y.W.C.A. They thus get in touch with the Association before they leave, and use the Y.W.C.A. local hostel to lodge in during their stay in the place to which they are sent. A list of London hostels is displayed in the G.P.O., so that no girls coming to the metropolis need feel without a home.

Soon after the employment of women in the Post Office the Bank of England threw open its doors, at first by presentation, then by competition, to women as clerks. Some of these came in the old days to the Finsbury Institute, attracted by the personality of Miss Baldwin. Short, stout, uneducated, lively, understanding and sympathetic, this remarkable woman exercised a wonderful influence on city girls, and the Finsbury Institute had a camaraderie quite of its own. She dreaded the removal of the girls to the West End; coming there, as they did, into contact with the fashionable world and the peculiar West End temptations to lead a frivolous life, they became much less simple and attractive, more conventional and extravagant.

Nor were country girls on the land forgotten. In Scotland an Association for Aberdeenshire, 'Onward and Upward', was organised by the Countess of Aberdeen (Ishbel, now Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair) on her marriage, and the Association developed work in other parts of the country. Both Associations desired to help farm servants, both issued yearly or quarterly Bible and other questions which could be studied and answered at home in the cotter houses situated often far from the kirk, with prizes awarded at the annual summer garden party. Both realised in those days when light railways and a multitude of small railway stations were not in existence, bicycles and motor buses unknown, that girls needed the fellowship of an Association brought to them in their homes.

The leaders of that time were strictly sabbatarian, and it was against their principles to sing anything in church except the Scotch Psalms. When the Moody and Sankey hymns were introduced by us into the district, I have seen some of these old men sing them lustily in the meetings which we used to have in the picture gallery of Rossie Priory, but they would not let us sing in non-scriptural language 'in the kirk,' nor would they stand to sing, for the old Scottish custom of standing to pray and sitting to sing prevailed.

There is an amusing story told of one James Ritchie. One Sunday he was seen walking down the hill with one boot black and shining for the Sabbath and the other muddy. The story runs that the clock struck midnight while the maid was in the middle of cleaning the boots. 'Mary, you mustna clean any mair!' So the pair of boots had to remain half-cleaned. But James Ritchie's generous spirit overcame his prejudices, and made him take a great interest in our evangelistic meetings and in bringing young women into the joy of the Christian life through the branches of the Young Women's Christian Association in the Carse of Gowrie.

The Onward and Upward Association became later affiliated to the Y.W.C.A. in order that its girls might be transferred to it when they came to town, and thus Mrs. Foster Forbes of Rothiemay Castle, who succeeded Lady Aberdeen in this work, became a member of our National Scottish Council.

Other departments of service, each with its own National Head and Committee, were started, the chief of these being that for the work overseas, with its committee and sub-committees; Finance with its Finance Board; Publications with its Publication Board and publicity work; the Industrial Law Bureau, Camps and Conferences, Religious Work and Moral Care Committees. Other departments, such as the Library Department, the Total Abstinence Depart-

ment, the Drawing-room Meetings Department, had their day and closed down as the need for such efforts became less.

Another group which an Association like this could not overlook was the students. When the first women's colleges were founded in my youth, girls broke away from custom and went to college. I well remember the horror depicted on the face of one of our London chairwomen at the suggestion that the Y.W.C.A. should include a Student Department. To have a girl go to college was unthought of. It was considered that to be either a 'blue stocking' or a 'bachelor girl' destroyed the hope of marriage, for a man to marry a student was unthinkable! A girl I knew of entreated her friend never to let anyone know that she could read and understand Latin!

Co-education was dreadful to the old-fashioned English mind, and when some advanced women started Girton College, Cambridge, it was thought impossible for a self-respecting girl to live at Cambridge and keep her religion. Some Christian women who believed in education, among whom was Miss Dudin Brown, a rich spinster, helped to start Westfield College, Hampstead, and gave it a Church of England foundation in order to keep it safe from what they thought was error in the Free Churches!

The United States of America took the lead in student work, and to this day the great Student Movement of America is within the Y.W.C.A., and not a separate society as in this country.

When Mr. Wishart and Dr. John Mott came to England as late as 1889, they found very few women students. Though I attended the first student conference at Keswick, we could not induce British students to follow the original wise organisation of the American Association and become part of the Y.W.C.A. The women preferred instead to form a student organisation with men. This has been a

permanent loss to the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A., and I humbly believe to the Student Christian Movement itself, as it is a bad beginning to the influence of gone-down students in civic and national affairs to remain attached to a student movement instead of becoming at once a part of the industrial, religious and civic world for which study should have better prepared them to bring their contribution. It is also a loss to the world of church life.

In U.S.A., China, India, Japan and other countries the Student Movement, with its own specialised plans and management, is part of the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A., and this gives continuity and unity to life and service. It also brings the enthusiasm of youth continually into city work, especially into clubs and branches composed mostly of industrial girls, whose very occupation soon robs them of some of the elasticity of youth.

One department of vital importance in the Association is still presided over by a man—the National Finance Department. It is the outcome of a number of vicissitudes in organisation. In early days there was no financial link between Ireland and Scotland, London and the Provinces: each managed its own finance. When the British National Association began to function, a Finance Committee was formed, and on November 23, 1906, to my surprise, I was called to be hon. finance secretary. As I had for many years helped in finance work, I accepted the call.

We found ourselves deeply in debt, and as I had no conviction as to the iniquity of a society having its account overdrawn, and was accustomed, as secretary of the London Division, to raising large sums of money, the Council chose me for this post. My 'Finance Journal,' recording every day's work from then till the present day, is one of my most cherished possessions. I see direct leading in every page, and I can only wish my successors in this office the same

joyful sense of being called to this service. I learned most of all that this, like all successful work, cannot be undertaken at will, but must be in a special sense given to one to do. I never enjoyed the treasuring of money, so I never would be treasurer for any effort, just as I would never be minute secretary to any committee. Accuracy of detail always has bored me, except in the formation of Constitutions, when I bored my fellow-workers with too great accuracy in the 'mays' and 'shoulds' and 'shalls.' I would take a long journey to be present at one of these sub-committees for the remaking of a constitution. Lilias Jenkyn-Brown's clear mind was a constant delight in this direction, and her early death a tremendous loss to the Association.

My first work on my appointment to British Finance was to clear a debt of £2,000, and then we went forward. 1912 was a great date in our finance history. Fired by the success of the American Finance Drives and Campaigns, and of the Y.M.C.A. Campaign in London in 1911, we determined to go and do likewise. Major Cooper, then hon. finance secretary, encouraged the idea, and A. A. Horne was engaged as secretary. We worked together, I being 'General,' in successful campaigns before the war (1912-1914) at Preston, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Whitley Bay, Worcester, Birmingham, Leicester, London City (with Amy Snelson), London West End (with Mrs. Sargon), and have helped in organised collections in Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, London again, Cardiff, Bristol, London West, Brighton, and Harrogate.

What is a Finance Campaign? It is a definite money-raising effort carried on for a given time, teams being organised under captains for visitation. Though itself lasting for eight or ten days, the entire work is of course not carried through in that time. Many months are occupied in preparation and in following-up.

I note three results in every town where the Campaign was fully carried out. First, through these campaigns the local Association has taken a new lease of life, further appeals have been made possible, and a number of new supporters have been enlisted. It is interesting to note how the Association has advanced in each place (except Preston), and further campaigns have been inaugurated.

Secondly, the Finance Campaign has often revealed, as nothing else has, the number of workers in any given town, the conditions under which they work, and the needs of the girls. Where a thorough, scientific survey of this kind, as a preliminary to a campaign, is not made, much needed work is left undone.

Thirdly, the National Finance Board realised that large sums of money will be given for a local effort when a national appeal alone would not attract anything but a small donation. I still hold that a national percentage on all campaigns is the best way of securing a national budget.

Publicity is closely linked with finance. I can remember the time when the thought of being in a newspaper was repugnant to the Association spirit, when even the printed appeal was considered unwomanly! Personal writing—for the typewriter was not invented until 1900—was the only method of approach to the public for funds. Gradually the London Division broke away from this tradition, and we had quite a strong Finance Committee, but composed of men. It also introduced the typewriter, considered at first rather an extravagance! With the war came a new era of publicity, here and in U.S.A., when E. Picton-Turbervill went with several others to help the Y.W.C.A. of the United States in their Campaign to raise £3,000,000 in addition to the first £1,500,000 they had raised for war work. Our income rose to £250,000 for one year's work. Would that we had that now to spend!

CHAPTER VII

LIFT UP YOUR EYES

An old Dedication:

This day I did again enter in covenant solemnly and gave in my name consent, subscription and acceptance of the Lord Jesus to be my Head, Husband, Guide, my all in all. Being required by Mr. Andrew Gray in the Lord's name to declare if I would refuse Him or not, I said before the Lord: 'I could not refuse, but with my heart gave myself a poor miserable sinful worm I was to God in Christ to be His.' I proposed on the day following to set myself to ask for this that He would cause the Gospel to have free course and that the Lord would shine on this poor dark country.—FATHER OF THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Lord, give me grace to feel my need of grace, give me grace to ask for grace, give me grace to receive grace, and, Lord, when grace is given, give me grace to use it. Amen.—*An Old Fife Saint's Prayer.*

IT is not to be wondered at that an Association which ventured to take the name of Christian—a name which we have seen to be a wider term than Protestant or Evangelical—should from its earliest years take its share in the missionary enterprise to which the Church was gradually reawakening, for in the last analysis evangelistic work at home and missionary work abroad are one. In 1855 there was still a closed door to many lands; the greater part of the African map was marked desert or Sahara; inland China and Japan were very far off, and India was separated by languages and thought from us, and looked on us more as conquerors and traders than as Christians. Livingstone and Moffatt had penetrated Central Africa; Carey, Marsham, Duff and Wilson were bringing missionary education to India; the London Missionary Society, of which my father was treasurer, began the work in Madagascar, and the Church Missionary Society on the coast of West Africa.

I well remember those early times when I was six years old and the black ex-slave, Bishop Crowther, came to stay with us and preached in our field as the Parish Church would not admit him. We had visitors also from Madagascar and Liberia, for it was a delight to my parents to receive missionaries and converts in their house. It caused sometimes surprise to many Christians then that colour distinction found no place in our thoughts, for we remembered that Our Lord Himself was an Oriental. Even lately, when coloured visitors were received into Belgrave Square, it created some astonishment among the other part of the American Delegation.

From India also great men and women like Keshub Chunder Sen, Narayan Sheshadri, Mrs. Sorabji, Rukhmabai and Ramabai were inmates of our home. On one occasion we received the Shah of Persia and gave him John iii. 16 printed in 270 languages.

Such constant intercourse with missionary workers naturally affected religious work at home. The first London Y.W.C.A. secretary, Mrs. Walch, was a missionary's widow; its second secretary, Mary Weitbrecht, was the daughter and sister of a missionary and herself married a missionary and went to West Africa; the first Holiday Home was run by a missionary's widow, Mrs. Marsham, and one of the two founders—my mother—meant to be a missionary, but instead founded a society with no ecclesiastical bias to carry the Gospel to the women of India from the women of England. She had a great hope that women would answer the missionary call to carry the Gospel to India fettered by no ecclesiastical or imperial connection, that they would work not as a sect or a 'persuasion' but simply as handmaids to all the churches. With this end in view, she formed in 1847 a united women's society, the 'Society of Many Letters,' but eventually her ideal proved too high for ordinary mortals; instead of one great women's mis-

sionary society, each denomination has desired to have its own women's department. The Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, which is the present name of this society, continued its work, and has always had a Kinnaird as treasurer until now, when Lord Meston holds office; the present Lady Kinnaird is president.

The first great movement within the Association after the revival impetus, which gave it birth, was a missionary movement. On April 20, 1887, 'a Conference for the deepening of our interest in Foreign Missions' was convened by Adeline Braithwaite, whose father, Isaac Braithwaite, had been one of the early supporters. Sunday, July 17, of the same year was set apart as 'a Day of Intercession for Foreign Missions'—perhaps the first ever held. I will tell of its results in the words of Lilias Trotter, a veteran missionary who is still in Algiers and has drawn many to follow her. The great struggle of her life was not whether she should be a missionary, but whether she should give up what Ruskin put to her as the possibility of being one of the greatest painters of her time, for service in the Y.W.C.A. in London. Weeks of intercourse with that great man, months spent among the beauties of the Lake District drew her artistic spirit, but she was led to give up such enjoyment and promised fame in order to give her life to work among business girls in the West End of London.

The present hostel at Ames House, 44, Mortimer Street, is the permanent outcome of this call. It is best to tell the story in her own words:

'It is a long journey back into memory land, for Y.W.C.A. work began in 1874 when I was twenty-one. It all started, as His ways are wont to do, from a very small beginning, the being asked to take, as stop-gap, the Bible-class for a few weeks at the Welbeck Street Institute, to which the rooms in Bond

Street had been moved. I recall the gasp of helplessness of that first Sunday afternoon, facing rows of grown-up and intelligent faces, instead of the usual Sunday-school children; but God helped and drew us together, and somehow it drifted into permanence. Then other things sprang out of it, notably, for two or three winters, entrance among the "first hands" of some of the principal business houses in Oxford Street and Regent Street through "at homes" and drawing-room meetings in our own house, and fruit unto life eternal was gathered there. The next step was the need felt by the Committee for the development of wider scope by means of dining-rooms for women. The Welbeck Street lease was running out, and Mr. G. L. Dashwood found us a splendid opening for a Home and Restaurant in Mortimer Street. It was great fun sitting at the desk and seeing pennies turn into shillings, and shillings into sovereigns on the busy days of the week, but the boarder girls did not assimilate with those who came in for meals, and we longed for a neutral ground room to which the latter could come freely.

'Day after day from the back windows I remember looking out over the glass roofs of some unbeknown buildings, used as a not too reputable club, longing and praying that they might be given to us. Suddenly there came the news that they were falling vacant; then a battle of faith, first for the funds, then at the final critical moment, that they might be given to us rather than to a school of cookery that was bidding for them! And at last came the joyful day when we could hear the crash of the masons' tools, breaking through the wall between the big halls and our dining-rooms,

and see the sudden gleam of blue-green light as the opening was made, and they passed into God's service.

'The next thing that stands out markedly is the year 1886, when the missionary tide began to rise in the Church. It was not till then a specially interesting subject! Fresh horizons of London Y.W.C.A. work were opening all the time, as well as its chances of evangelistic missions in the provinces, and I had no other thought but of spending my life in it. But it had been growing on me for some time that two special friends, Lelie Duff and Adeline Braithwaite (later Mrs. Walter Campbell) had a fellowship with Christ over His work in the dark places of the earth of which I knew nothing, and the cry rose unbidden with a curious persistence, "Lord, give me the fellowship with Thee that those two have." It was not long before the yearning began to spring up over the non-Christian lands, though without a thought of personal service in them. That did not come even when a little later the words "North Africa" began to awake strange vibrations (I do not know how else to describe it), and if I came on them in print they seemed to stand out in letters of light. It seemed to me that no personal issue could be involved, for home ties, the needs of an invalid sister, held me fast for half of each year. Then began the day of "Missionary Missions," and we arranged a three days' programme for Morley Halls. On the third evening Mr. Glenny was to speak on North Africa. He began his address by saying that this was Thursday, and that on the Sunday before he was out in the Kabyle mountains where Christ was unknown.

'In that first sentence God's call had sounded. If Algeria was so near as that, I could spend half the year there, and the other half at home; then it was for me, and before morning there remained no shadow of a doubt that it was His plan. This was in May, 1887, and the following March saw three of us landed in Algiers. Within three months He suddenly took home my sister, and the last link that bound me to England was gone.

'The story of His love and patience and marvellous resources from that day until now are past telling. "Now thou shalt see what I will do" has been written across problem after problem. And not one of us who are working here together would be anywhere else than in this hardest of fields with an invincible Christ.'

From that time a steady stream of missionaries went out from the Association. Missionary days in connection with our Conferences were common occurrences. Our hearts had all been stirred by the call of China's millions, which was so graphically brought before us by Hudson Taylor's walk through inland China and the founding of the China Inland Mission. Later, when as the result of the Moody and Sankey Mission in Cambridge seven young undergraduates went out to China, missionary interest rose to its height. Each of the seven had distinguished himself in some way at Cambridge. C. T. Studd belonged to the Cambridge cricket eleven and then to the All-England team. Stanley Smith was the stroke of the Cambridge eight. Monte (now Sir Montague) Beauchamp, a popular undergraduate who gave the best years of his life to missionary work in China; J. Hoste, a man of property, and his brother; and Cassels, who afterwards became a Bishop in China

—they all gave up bright prospects at home at this missionary call.

No one who was present will ever forget the meeting of 2,000 undergraduates on their last evening in Cambridge, and the scene on the railway platform when hundreds of undergraduates saw them off. They were followed by the Hon. Ian Keith-Falconer and his wife, a young Arabic scholar who gave his life to Arabia because the Gospel had never been preached there, and died in doing it.

Scenes like these made a lasting impression on the minds of us young people, and the foreign missionary impulse affected the Association at home as it drew many who could not go abroad into its secretaryship.

It was the plan of the China Inland Mission to send out missionaries without education or training, and, as there was no definite salary attached, all its missionaries were strong in faith and courage. It appealed to our members, and many offered themselves. Conditions have now altered, and the China Inland Mission has since changed its policy, and insists on training and education.

The Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, after our first visit to India (1889-1891), followed in its wake in drawing girls to India, and arranged for bands of girls to be associate-missionaries working in groups, and not necessarily able to take charge of a station. These were often generously supported by fellow-members. The Loving Service League with its emblem, the clasped hand of East and West, was for many years a link between the British Association and India until the reorganisation and assumed responsibilities of the Overseas Committee made it impossible to keep up the formal link.

Africa also made its call. Sometimes a branch, as was the case with the Finsbury branch, would send forth and support their own missionary. Such was Rose Brown, the Finsbury share in the South African

General Mission. She was a city cigar maker. In later years I saw her at work in South Africa surrounded by her African boys and exercising a wonderful influence.

One branch stood out for missionary interest: Princess House, Brompton Road, London, S.W., of which Hester Needham was the appointed and loved founder and secretary. It was stirred to a very real, if rather exaggerated, type of religious zeal. 'Here and Now' was their motto, and they adopted a peculiar style of dress. 'The Princess House bonnet' became known throughout the Association. This peculiar dress was not without its advantages, and betokened a sentiment of the times akin to the Quaker grey clothes and bonnet. It was economical, it saved time and thought, and it betokened a real self-denial. Others, of whom I was one, preferred a simple hat without feathers or flowers.

Hester Needham received her call from Princess House to Sumatra when she was in middle life. I remember the day when she sent for me, and, in that room where many since have received the call, she committed to the London Council the work of Princess House, for which she recommended as her successor Alice Bethune. Hester Needham, after accomplishing much, laid down her life in Sumatra. One who came across her for a very short time writes:

'I remember her, intense, ardent, frail-looking, but with indomitable faith and courage, a vivid vitality and power which has left an impression on me which can never be obliterated, of a servant of Christ who was wholly possessed with thought for others and not for herself. It was this spirit that led her, when she read of an island where a missionary had never been, to disregard her own frail health and go forth alone.'

As time went on the branches became rather a hunt-

ing-ground for all the missionary societies, and the many appeals brought before them thus became a perplexity to the members. We were looking for a way out of the difficulty when calls came from Y.W.C.A. branches in India and South Africa for help in meeting the needs of women converts by establishing a native Y.W.C.A. among them, as well as calls to help English girls to recognise their responsibilities to other girls of the non-Christian countries in which they became resident. We could not ignore these calls, and it was clear that we must limit our financial responsibility to finding, financing and sending out women for the Y.W.C.A. of South Africa, North Africa, China, Japan, India, Palestine, and South America. The largest number of overseas secretaries supported by the British Y.W.C.A. at one time was thirty-five.

It is a matter of great regret that, from year to year since the war, with the decrease in our income we have had to reduce rather than extend our help to sister Associations overseas. This does not arise from any diminution of the calls that come to this Committee—just the reverse.

During the war quite an army of women from U.S.A. did work among the girls of European countries. Units of Y.W.C.A. secretaries were placed in Belgium, Czechoslovakia, France, Italy, Poland, Roumania, Russia, and they introduced a new method of Y.W.C.A. activity suitable to the times, and so the Blue Triangle won an entrance into many countries. Since the war Bulgaria has been added to the Association list, and Serbia is making inquiries as to a constitution.

Owing to the exhaustion of their enormous war fund and the difficulty they also now experience in raising funds, most of the American units have been withdrawn and the work handed over to local secretaries and committees. But these are still inexperienced in

leadership and knowledge of method, and continual requests from these countries for experienced secretaries come to our Overseas Committee. Several British secretaries have been working in Europe, and we could send many more if funds were available or if voluntary workers would offer.

There is seldom a meeting of the Committee at which urgent requests are not received for additional workers, also from China, India or other Eastern countries. We hear our Master's call to lift up our eyes to the fields white unto the harvest, and hope through some of our returned overseas secretaries to make the need known in the colleges of Britain, where, if the Student Volunteer Missionary Union is doing effective work, there must be many who will offer for service abroad.

CHAPTER VIII

KINDRED SPIRITS

It is such a comfort that it is possible to be as wide and charitable in one's views and yet be firm as to what one does hold. It is like the stretches of country one sees from B., not necessarily in a mist or haze because of its wide sweep.—LILY TROTTER.

It is said of the great founders of the religious orders Bernard loved the valleys, Benedict the mountains, Francis loved the small towns, Ignatius loved the famous cities, Paul belongs to great cities and the architect divined the right spot for a Church of St. Paul's.—DEISSMANN.

St. Patrick described the radiance of his three orders of saints as:

A glory on the mountain top,
A gleam on the side of the hills,
A few faint lights in the valleys.

IT was my lot as honorary secretary for the London Y.W.C.A. to be brought into contact with public-spirited women of all shades of opinion and of many lands, and I took an active part in the formation of the Council of Women Workers, now known as the National Council of Women, on which Committee I sat for years. Mary Clifford, one of the leading spirits, honoured in all sections of society for her wide sympathy and beautiful personality, wanted to propose me as President, but I could never have accepted that post because I could only give my life to an entirely religious organisation, and when one of my prolonged visits to India cut me off from the Council, I never sought re-election. The object for which the Council was formed I appreciated much, and the contact its Conference gave me with leaders of social and political movements was of great value to me. I have often been accused by friends of having only one idea—the Y.W.C.A., and of the one wish to bring all

my friends into it; and I plead guilty to the fact that it is one of the few societies to which I could undividedly give my life. The initials stands for the four things I believe in: the importance of youth in the formation of character, the value of womanhood and its contribution to the world of public opinion, the supreme importance of Christian faith and practice, and the brotherhood and sisterhood of mankind in fellowship and association.

But, none the less, and because I considered that the Y.W.C.A. had a contribution to make, I was glad of every opportunity, not so common as they are today, of coming into contact with, and even initiating, movements that were not as all-embracing as our own.

An opportunity for forging a valuable international link soon offered itself. One of the earliest set of visitors to our Association was a body of women from the Continent—'Les Amies de la Jeune Fille'—who, with headquarters in Switzerland, did protective work for girls in many countries. They were intending to make a campaign throughout England to find 'Amies' and unite them in groups for the care of girls coming to this country, and to start Homes in port towns. We met and impressed upon them the undesirability of forming and organising a new society. There were only a few days of their visit left, and I well remember morning after morning being dragged out of my bed for 'before breakfast committees,' in which we thought out a plan by which the officials of the Continental Committee of the British Y.W.C.A. should hold the same office for the Amies de la Jeune Fille without starting a new society in Great Britain. To save the formation of a new society, with the attendant expense, is always worth doing, even at the cost of hours out of bed! Gradually the office for England has been amalgamated with the International Service Committee of the British Y.W.C.A. at 10A, Newton Road, W. 2.

The next movement was within the Episcopal Church. In those days there were people (as to-day, though the number is diminishing) who could only do their best work among people of the same denominational views as themselves. In some people's minds three things were indissolubly bound together—a State Church, a Liturgy, and Episcopacy; and there are still leaders in the Church of England whose convictions prevent them from stepping over the barriers of custom, though it is beginning to be recognised that interdenominationalism and internationalism do not consist in the denial of ecclesiastical and racial differences, but in the recognition of such as a contribution to the larger unity and efficiency.

Some Churchwomen found the Y.W.C.A. too wide; to meet on an equality with Dissenters was distasteful; to introduce girls into interdenominational company was harmful. They preferred the limitations of a denominational society, and came to Miss Weitbrecht, then Y.W.C.A. Secretary, to discuss with her a girls' movement within the Church of England and to gain hints. Thus was founded the Girls' Friendly Society. Similar in some of its work, it has two fundamental differences from the Y.W.C.A.: (1) Every associate (*i.e.*, worker) and secretary must be a member of the Episcopal Church; (2) no girl who has for any cause sinned according to the moral and legal code of the country can become a member. This latter rule can be carried out in villages and in the country where everyone is known, but in the town it is much more difficult to enforce, and leads to the temptation to hide such an offence. Indeed, many come to a large town to start a new life, forgetting and regretting the past. My mother felt strongly that the Y.W.C.A. existed to help these amongst others, and, above all, that a society calling itself Christian could accentuate no one sin, and must in all its work follow our Lord in His great pronouncement, 'Neither do I condemn thee.'

Each society went on its own way in friendly rivalry, and oftener in cordial co-operation.

Again, two women in their society life in London, desiring to use its opportunities, formed the 'Lend a Hand' Club, which corresponded to our Drawing-room Meetings Department. These were the Marchioness of Tavistock and Ishbel Marjoribanks, niece of Mrs. George Campbell, and married later to the Earl of Aberdeen. They gathered young ladies together for study and service without signing any definite religious basis. The former, as Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, became an acceptable speaker in Y.W.C.A. devotional meetings, and was called to be President, but was unable to accept the post.

Another society working on a similar interdenominational basis was the Mothers' Prayer Union. It was founded by Mrs. Martin Sutton, a name dear in the Association through many links, and became affiliated to the Association. It was hoped in this way to pass on members when they married into a union of similar purpose, and thus to accentuate the fact that a youthful membership was the objective of the Y.W.C.A. At that time when marriage was the only profession set before girls, and to be an old maid was a term of reproach, it was an extremely delicate matter to mention age, and so to its lasting loss there has been no age limit for Y.W.C.A. membership, and it generally became the custom to renew membership year by year without reference to length of membership as a disqualification. This arrangement to transfer married members seemed to us a way out of the difficulty. Some secretaries had separate branches for married members, which Mrs. Sutton undertook to mother, but the idea was not taken up widely in the country, and gradually co-operation came to an end.

I fear I have often made myself unpopular by insisting on the fact that there is no such thing as life membership in the Y.W.C.A., and that every year a

recognised effort should be made to draw in young girls on leaving school. I often pointed out the importance to old members of transferring their allegiance to their Church. If we had insisted on this, I think we should have been more true to our original purpose of being a Handmaid of the Church. I think if others had taken the same view we might earlier have had an organised system for passing on and out those who had ceased to be girls, and should in this way have attracted the more thinking of the younger girls into the Association, handing over more of the management to them, as it is now our purpose to do. For the law has now made it clear that as an Incorporated Society, which we became in 1914, it is the vote of the membership, not of the committee, which counts in the management.

In pursuance of our international obligations we were sometimes sent to represent the Y.W.C.A. at other conferences. Mary Morley and I went to Paris to attend one of the Women's Conventions, the first of the kind ever held, and so of immense interest.

At home and in India, owing to the fact that both were the earliest women's societies and had a common interdenominational basis, the missionaries of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission have helped much in spreading Y.W.C.A. work, and there was a great deal of intervisitation with that society. This is due also to the fact that my mother and Mrs. Weatherley were chairman and vice-chairman of both committees. My sister Gertrude later took up this work for, and sometimes in, India.

I have always deprecated the multiplication of societies as dissipating energy and hindering real progress. We therefore attended a Free Church Conference on girls' work to see if this could be avoided, but the Free Church Girls' Guild was formed.

We gave a great deal of time to helping to organise the Girl Guide Movement within the Association, two

of our workers, Marion Dashwood and Helen Malcolm, taking up active work in this. Now Y.W.C.A. Girl Guides, with additional rules for officers in line with the Y.W.C.A. basis, are known everywhere. We have also always been represented on the National Vigilance Association, and found Sir A. Coote an able adviser in the many cases of difficulty with which every Y.W.C.A. Secretary has to contend. We have also been represented on the various committees for the promotion of peace.

We took part during the war with Mrs. Horace Porter and others in furthering the League of Honour at a time when the excitement among girls was increased by the presence of soldiers, and the war fever rampant. We held a series of meetings in West End houses of business, which were of great interest. Lately we have come into closer co-operation with the M.A.B.Y.S., so as to offer the benefits of our Association to girls who are too far from their own branches or need the companionship of our clubs.

As an interdenominational, an international, and an inter-class Association, it is a privilege to be able to share in all movements which include in their purview youth and its opportunities.

CHAPTER IX

SOME GENEROUS GIVERS

One of the great facts of the world I hold to be the registration in the Universe of every past scene and thought.—F. W. M.

The *traditio*, the handing down of the intellectual acquisitions of the human race one generation to another, the constant selection of thoughts and discoveries and feelings and events, so precious that they must be put into books. The *traditio* itself is a wonderful and august process, full no doubt of abysmal gaps and faults like all things human, but full also of that strange, half-baffled, and yet not wholly baffled, splendour which marks all the characteristic works of man.—GILBERT MURRAY.

The civilisation of the Western world is a unity of descent and brotherhood, and when we study the grammator of bygone days, we naturally look to the writings from which our own are descended.—GILBERT MURRAY.

It has been my pleasant lot to come across many of the men who have made our British industry north and south, east and west, and even if I have learned to object to our present industrial system, I have received the greatest kindness from those to whom I have gone as a stranger to ask a favour. I have, however, observed that ability and generosity are not necessarily hereditary, and although in the acquisition of wealth men do not necessarily lose their sympathy and generosity, I have noticed that in the second generation ambition and extravagance often come in, and the third generation not infrequently loses the fortune accumulated by their sires. In other walks of life also it has been an inspiration to know men to whom position means nothing but an opportunity to serve, and who have generously given their time and their thoughts to the improvement of their surroundings and the welfare of the nation.

It is one of the privileges of being born into a practical and active family that I was continually brought

in contact with leading men in various circles. There are names that stand out in those early days for width of vision and unselfish service, among which shines forth that of William Ashley, first Earl of Shaftesbury, a familiar figure at the annual meetings of many evangelical societies in Exeter Hall—meetings which were a feature of last century. All those meetings stood for liberty and religion, and did much to rouse public opinion on the side of righteousness. He gladly gave his name as president of any movement for the social amelioration of the young, and therefore was the natural President for the new Association for Young Women. He had already taken up the cause of children in the mines and in the slums, and warmly supported our founder in all her efforts for the young women who were beginning to enter into factory and business life.

A leader of quite another kind in peculiarly evangelistic work was Lord Radstock. In the fashion of a certain movement whose members were called by the name of 'Brethren,' and which influenced my elder sisters, although my father did not allow them formally to join, Lord Radstock cut himself off 'from the world,' sold his pictures, parted with some of his investments, and lived a simple life. His influence as a preacher, and as a personal worker was felt in Russia, India and Paris, as well as at home. His heart went out towards those in high places, and he was remarkably used to bring to them the simplicity of the call of Christ. Many of the Russian nobles whom he taught were banished from or had to flee the country on account of their new faith.

Next comes Samuel Morley, Member for Bristol, who consistently refused a title because he wanted to remain one of the people. No appeal for a sick girl needing a holiday, no small tea for a group in a crowded district, no expense for a Saturday half-holiday outing, nothing was too small for his attention,

and it is impossible to record all the small cheques which that great philanthropist sent. I don't think he ever refused my request; and I can remember his driving up to the door of the little Percy Institute in his beautiful phaeton as if he were going to a palace, and the sympathy which he expressed with the workers and the girls. And whenever there was a call for an enlarged institute or to open a new one, or the call for a centre for the Restaurant and Bar Girls' Department, or some big central fund had to be started to extend the work of the new, unknown Association, then the cheque rose to £500 or £1,000, and these were not infrequent gifts from this generous man. He gave his daughters, too; the one, Augusta Washington, held a crowded Bible-class in the drawing-room of Upper Brook Street; and the other, Mary Morley, one of my dearest and most valued friends, became honorary secretary with me, and subsequently president of the London division. Later she took the same office for the World's Committee.

A fourth figure was Sir George Williams, whose warm heart sometimes went out to our work, and, although his love was the Y.M.C.A., gifts and sympathy were not lacking for the Y.W.C.A. He knew by personal experience the loneliness of life in London. He himself had come as a lad to the firm of Hitchcock and Williams, and ended by marrying his employer's daughter and becoming head of the firm.

There was quite a group of City and West End business men whose generosity I remember, and they never failed my mother when she had a scheme on hand for India, or Africa, or London. Notably among them stands R. C. L. Bevan of Barclay's Bank, Lombard Street, a bank which has now absorbed many other private banks till it has become to-day one of the great five of the city. My father's bank was one of the first to join up, and it was laughingly called the 'Evangelical Alliance' because nearly

all the great and small evangelical societies banked with one or other. J. F. Deacon of Deacon's Bank, S. G. Sheppard, J. D. Allcroft, and R. Barclay of Barclay's Bank, Isaac Braithwaite, William Debenham, J. W. Alexander, H. Fremlin, were among the men of means who gave many a £100 cheque to my mother. I can look back to the time when certain of these men would invite his friends to breakfast and lay before them some appeal for home or abroad, for my mother was equally concerned for the women of India as London, and started the Z.B.M.M. earlier than the Y.W.C.A. These generous men learned to know the Y.W.C.A. or a Z.B.M.M. breakfast was a very expensive thing, but they assisted each other for the good of the community. Sometimes they did not rise from the table until several thousand pounds had been promised. My sister and I have organised many such breakfasts, and on our return from our first visit to India we were ourselves received at a Cannon Street Hotel breakfast.

There stands out in my memory another group who gave of their time and service: Joseph Weatherley, whose wife was vice-chairman of the London Y.W.C.A. and of the Z.B.M.M. Committees; John Groom, who began by giving us tracts and ended by leaving us his shares, which have formed a Groom Loan Fund (which has been a boon ever since); Lord Rowallan, who has made similar generous gifts; and G. L. Dashwood, who early proved himself a friend to girls, and was ever ready to help as a speaker, collector or giver. The hostel called Ames House in Mortimer Street stands to his memory and that of his family.

What can be said of W. T. Paton, a strong, breezy personality, the first hon. finance secretary, but that he loved the boys and girls of the great metropolis with a tender affection which led him with his wife and daughter to work amongst them with untiring

devotion. The Cloudesley Institute, Upper Barnsbury Street, N., was rebuilt in memory of him. To know W. T. Paton was to know what love is. He was a living exhibition of the maxim he gave once to his young men when he told them so to live that people would say, 'That man makes me think of Jesus Christ.' It was he who drew me from service to working men, which I loved with all my heart and which took most of my time, and persuaded me to become hon. secretary for the London Y.W.C.A., so as to leave my mother free to work for India, which she loved best, saying, 'You must do something for a girl every day, then you will be a good secretary.' This I tried to do, and I soon found that another name for general secretary was general servant. In my long experience of twenty-five years as hon. secretary for London, first with Evelyn Noel (Mrs. Herbert Arbuthnot), then with, or under, Mary Morley, and finally with Edith Dashwood, I found that there is nothing a Y.W.C.A. secretary is not expected to know and do, from finding a place for an incompetent 'tweeny' to visiting a millionaire in his office or remote home.

It was from Mr. W. T. Paton that I had my first lessons in begging. His first method was that of personally written letters enclosing an account of work done or an appeal. He would often sit up till past midnight with my brother writing these letters. His next was personal visits. How well I remember my sister (for India) and I (for the Y.W.C.A.), encouraged by his example, meeting at an assigned corner or doorstep and tremblingly ringing the bell asking for admission. We seldom came away without a cheque or a promise and without having established a permanent friendship for our cause.

During Mary Morley's absence in India one winter, Haddie Pollock successfully took her place and put a loving spirit into otherwise hard cash.

Later Ada Habershon, who was hon. finance secretary with us, taught me many lessons in inducing people to help our cause. She had a real aptitude for finance, as well as being an experienced conductor of ladies' Bible readings.

A younger group of men took the place of the older ones. The names of F. A. Bevan, Frank Deacon, Howard Morley and A. F. Kinnaird, sons of the fathers of the same name, and Campbell White, afterwards Lord Overtoun, will long stand out as supporters of all evangelistic societies, at home and abroad. Everyone who has had to collect money knows the welcome they always received at the office of Campbell White, 7, West George Street, Glasgow, or at his beautiful home, Overtoun, above Dumbarton. Some terrible moments come vividly to my memory when I had to knock at his study door at Overtoun in order to lay before him a scheme which would require £1,000 or £2,000 from him, but I soon found as I knew him better such a fellowship in service and such a generous open heart, that any call which seemed to him to come from Jesus Christ through His servants was a joy to him to respond to.

That the Association appealed to a third generation of Kinnairds is seen by the fact that my nephew, the third Arthur M. Kinnaird, who fell in the war, was on the National Finance Committee, and the Hon. Mrs. Sidney, another grandchild, is on several committees, while her husband, the Hon. William Sidney, has succeeded my brother as London treasurer.

As long as men engage and employ women, as long as women occupy positions equally with men in the commercial and industrial life, so long must we depend and count on the support of men as well as women, and the Association gladly counts among its supporters to-day men like Mr. Colin Campbell, Mr. Moncrieff Dick, Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, Lord Maclay,

Sir Henry Procter and Mr. A. Williamson. And to-day a new group of business men, led by Mr. Ernest Debenham and Sir Woodman Burbidge, are directing the Forward Movement in London.

But my gratitude to the business men of Great Britain grew and deepened during the eight finance campaigns of which it was my privilege to be 'general.' I can recollect standing at the little window outside the office door to ask admittance, the surprise of the clerk or office-boy as I sought an interview with the great 'boss,' and the fear and trembling with which, when the admission was granted, I waited inside. Our purpose was to bring before them the cause of girls, and as their interest quickened, and as they realised the new position of women in industry and office, they would keep us for half or even a whole hour discussing how the Y.W.C.A. could meet the new need. In the Newcastle campaign I can see Sir George Hunter, the designer of the S.S. *Mauretania,* standing before me and saying, 'But Miss Kinnaird, girls are not my responsibility; I only employ one—my secretary.' And I looked him up and down, saying, 'Who made your waistcoat? Who stitched your collar? Who machined your boots? Who lined your hat? Who upholstered your ships? Who cooks your dinner?' and his surprised answer: 'I never thought I was an employer of women!' No wonder that with his usual generosity he led the appeal with a gift of £1,000, constantly gave us valuable advice, and lent us his car to enable us to visit the homes of other business men whom we could only see in their country houses round Newcastle. Lord Joicey was equally kind. He entertained us at his beautiful Castle, and when the time came to collect the shekels we went to him in his London house, and came away with the second £1,000 for the campaign. That was an eventful day, and when Major Cooper and I went back to take this news, we found a telegram awaiting

us conveying the third £1,000, with which we started the Newcastle campaign.

Lest anyone should say, 'This was before the war,' I recall a similar gift of £1,000 received by telephone at the Hull campaign last year, and as much kindness in Cardiff recently as in the war; and, most wonderful of all, the untiring service given to the London Forward Movement for £200,000 now in progress.

I must record a bold step taken in one campaign, but the name shall be unrecorded. From one man from whom we counted on getting £500, as he was a leading citizen, I received £50, which I quietly returned, saying it would spoil the whole campaign if a man such as he gave that sum. In a few weeks he was generously led to agree with me!

There was yet one more group of givers to whom I feel much indebted—those who had not much of this world's goods, but who had gifts of preaching and teaching, which they generously without charge put at the disposal of the Association at meetings in those old, never-to-be-forgotten halls, now all pulled down—St. James's Hall, Piccadilly; Freemasons' Hall, Long Acre; Exeter Hall, Strand; and others over the country. The Rev. and Hon. Baptist Noel, and J. Denham Smith, Henry Varley, Shuldam Henry, gave of their eloquence and love, and were followed later by the Rev. E. W. Moore, the Rev. E. A. Stuart, and the Rev. M. Rainsford, junr.

I cannot end this chapter without paying a further tribute to the generosity of my dear friend and fellow-worker, Mary Morley, who gave herself, her house, her time, her friendship, unreservedly to the service of girls. We lived in neighbouring streets, each within five minutes' walk of headquarters, where her beautiful face was so well known and her steadfast consistency and power of practical work so highly appreciated. Everyone felt they could turn to her for counsel; her grasp of detail work was such that during

the thirteen years that she was my co-honorary secretary no one seemed able to do without her. Whenever an occasion arose for a fresh departure in the work, or when fellow-workers from foreign lands appealed for help, then we gathered round Mary Morley's table, sure that neither sympathy, counsel nor money would be denied. Her advice was all the more valuable because of the practical work she herself did so faithfully. With every advantage that youth, beauty and riches could bestow, she deliberately chose the path of service and generosity. This was the more remarkable as in her youth she had been in revolt and not specially interested in religious things.

The great secret of her life was her love for and constant study of the Bible. In the midst of a busy term of office, she once went away for six months to give herself to its critical study in order to be able really to help her contemporaries. She owed much to her friendship with Haddie Pollock, so well known and revered in the Association. Her more mystical mind was the counterpart of Mary Morley's practical temperament.

As a girl she was my sister Louisa's friend, but I had something to do with securing her services as hon. secretary. One memorable day as we stood on the doorstep of 47, Grosvenor Street, discussing what she was doing, I presented to her the call of the London Council to be one of their hon. secretaries. She never craved for a large sphere, but she accepted the call. She loved her barmaids, and was instrumental in starting the Morley Rooms for girls employed in bars and restaurants. She gave constant financial help, even selling her diamonds in order to have more to give. I think her beautiful life carried out my favourite axiom : 'In the morning of life, work; in the afternoon of life, give counsel; in the evening of life, pray.'

CHAPTER X

VISION

A young girl, you know, is something like a temple. I pass by and wonder what mysterious rites are going on in there? what prayers? what vision?—JOSEPH CONRAD.

Remember always it is not the society that beheld the vision, it was the vision that created the society. The vision is the important thing, for it is still unfulfilled.

Faith is the real eye and ear of the soul, so without faith the spiritual world is as much a hidden one to the soul as painting to a blind man. When we do receive sight we shall perhaps find that we require no transporting into another world to become aware of the immediate presence of the infinite spirit! What we require is sight, not change of place.

ALL through secular and Church history we read of chosen souls to whom special revelations have been given, sometimes with outward manifestations in the realm of physical nature, sometimes in the mental plane, sometimes only to the spirit within. The visions that came to Abraham, to Gideon, to Elisha when 'a double measure of the Spirit fell on him,' to Paul, which brought about physical blindness, have been repeated in history. To Constantine when he saw the cross in the heavens, to Francis of Assisi, to Benedict, to Joan of Arc, and to many more humble souls whom I have met, the vision seemed to be in the physical as well as the spiritual realm. But this does not exhaust the vision which more often comes in the mental plane alone, enlightening the conscience and the intellect and guiding to new purpose and endeavour.

The Holy Spirit's advent in a special way, which we celebrate at Whitsuntide, came with outward signs of tongues of fire and words in an unknown tongue, as

I have myself seen repeated in many places in India and Assam. If the manifestation is divine, conviction and moral change of character and life will always follow such an experience. The vision must mean a new attitude to life, a new accession of power, and the outward manifestation is not necessary provided this inner sight is not lacking. All I want to say is, do not be afraid of the reality and lose it because you are afraid of the outward manifestation.

The Friends have another way of expressing this same idea when they speak of guidance as the 'inner light,' and wait in silence until 'the Spirit moves them.' Then comes the 'concern' for some place or individual which leads them forth on great adventures, and which used to lead them to prison and to death. It is for want of this clear guidance that so much work to-day is ineffective, reacting in the wrong way on character, making some autocratic, others unsympathetic, and leading yet others along the path of vanity to disastrous results and failure. There is so much rush and worry and consequent nerve breakdown which could be avoided by more attention to the inner life of vision, and my mother's favourite motto, 'He that believeth shall not make haste,' might be a help to many in this active age, with its tendency to act upon impulse instead of waiting for the vision should it tarry.

Greater calm and self-possession is one of the needs of to-day. Perhaps it is the consciousness of this which has made so popular the lines—

> Said the Robin to the Sparrow:
> 'I should really like to know
> Why these anxious human beings
> Rush about and worry so.'
> Said the Sparrow to the Robin:
> 'Friend, I think that it must be
> That they have no Heavenly Father
> Such as cares for you and me.'

We used to have animated discussions at Rossie

Priory with Keswick and other speakers as to whether duties ever clashed. Some maintained that duty is only the doing of the thing God expects and knows we can do, and therefore that duties cannot clash.

My experience after long observation has been that the central need for everyone who longs to fill the place God has ordained for her to fill, and to do the work God calls her to do, is just to enter into the meaning of that great verse: 'Created in Christ Jesus unto good works which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them.' There is a path laid down for each of us. The knowledge that this is so may lead us to many different kinds of activity and to varied callings, but, to a Christian who has learned to listen to the Voice within, the desire to interpret Christ and to lead to Christ all who do not know Him and recognise His claims must lie behind every earthly call, whatever its nature. It was a sense of this inner call that made it easy for us girls and many others at the time of religious revival to give up dances, the hunting-field, theatres, and what were called worldly amusements, in order to concentrate on the more earnest side of life and to devote to direct religious and social work every moment which we could save out of a busy secretarial and family life (for our parents were for a long time invalids, and the fashion of having professional nurses had not come in). In psychology to-day we hear much of the importance of concentration. There was, indeed, much that was evil in these amusements, some of which evils have been removed, but it was the psychological value of the practice—though the study of the science of psychology was not then fashionable—which appealed to me: concentration on the main object of life—Christ—not enjoyment, and perhaps the sacrifice of things that were only for one's own pleasure.

I must confess I do not see now the same exultation in being called to religious work; I do not see the same

exhilarating sense of the divine call as I saw in many young men and maidens of past days, and I do recommend a reconsideration of how to make definitely religious work a more dominating, all-embracing factor in all our activities to-day. I see it in some places—*e.g.*, in the German Association where circumstances and lack of money have forced on them the definitely religious side of the work. I see it in some of the small but intense missionary societies which spring up in response to this sense of an inner vocation. I know there is a danger involved, that of narrowness of interest and limitation of view, but I have a remedy for this: 'Do not put all your eggs into one basket.' If you work in some Association, work also for your Church; if your calling is to office work, be sure to take a Bible-class each week, or conduct some mission. Spiritual and physical health and mental capacity demand variety; you will get stale without it. I think my good health is due, next to prayer, to this, that the Y.W.C.A. which was my vocation had not the only or even the first place in my heart. St. John's School for Training Girls from the time I was six years old, 'Navvies' from the time I was eighteen, my men's class in Baledgarno Village near Rossie Priory since 1873, and India since 1890, have had a great place in my affections.

I think of many in the Association who have had the gift of vision, among them Frances Ridley Havergal, Maud Battersby and Kate Hankey, who contributed spiritual poetry which has helped thousands into a new life of faith and love. Frances Ridley Havergal mentions as one of the guiding influences of her life her connection with the Y.W.C.A. She wrote our Association hymn:

> True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal,
> King of our lives by Thy grace we will be.

Another lifelong friend who truly sees visions, and whose vision led her into great spheres of work, is still

alive to-day. To sit in her unique drawing-room or in the Garden of Content with Blanche Pigott, one of my greatest and most valued friends, is to 'see visions' and to receive inspiration. It was my privilege whenever I needed rest often to propose myself for a long week-end of perfect quiet with her alone. In the summer we sat in the garden or drove in the pony carriage, or I would walk beside her donkey-chair; in the winter we were shut in her room. It was with a curious sense of buoyancy that I used to walk up the hill that divided Upper from Lower Sheringham, and walk into her 'Emily darling, is it you?' and know that we should be quite alone together for a few days. There, at Ewenny Priory, the beautiful home of Colonel and Mrs. Turbervill, and now with my cousins, the Misses Macneill, I could always find rest for body and soul.

We read of our Lord Himself that 'He went as was His wont into the synagogue on the Sabbath Day.' I think vision is often granted in the ordinary ministration of the Church. I am a firm believer in steady church-going and listening to sermons, and I look on the old Regent Square Presbyterian Church with the Rev. J. Oswald Dykes, saint and preacher unrivalled, on the little Free Church at Abernyte, and on a little Indian Church at Ootacamund, as my spiritual homes. No one who was ever present at a Regent Square Communion, which, according to our good old Scottish custom, was held quarterly, could ever find a season of more direct spiritual help or religious elevation; the Preparation Service on the Thursday before, and the Thanksgiving on the Monday after, to which we used to go in the family carriage, were conducive to this. I early learned from Dr. Dykes that for spiritual profit at a Communion season, as at a Convention, time given to preparation is essential.

Another religious ministry in my life has been the annual visit during my tours as District Referee in

Forfarshire and Kincardineshire to that man of God, James Hastings, editor of the Bible and other Dictionaries, in his roadside manse, the rooms of which were lined with books. I can see him now in his study —a tall fair man with earnest eye and fine forehead, surrounded by correspondence from all over the world, but ready to answer any of my questions or to enter into some deep discussion on a theological subject that was perplexing the Church. Nor was it only in the quiet of his study that he was ready to help. I can remember a journey in the 'Flying Scotsman,' when the hours flew by in the same way. And in a Dundee tram I gained an insight into the secret of his power in the pulpit as he spoke of the time and care needed to study a new congregation before one could preach.

In correspondence with almost every man of interest throughout the world in order to get contributors for his various dictionaries, he always kept his spiritual contact with men and women awake by being minister of a little country church, and to his study the young men from the plough would come with theological questions such as would puzzle many English theological students. To every Church or Association soirée he brought a note of spiritual uplift, and no doubt the secret of the success of his many publications is due to this, that he did not hold himself aloof from the thoughts of the ordinary mind, though he himself could soar into regions of pure thought. He taught me what it meant to be 'alive unto God,' and it was in his quiet study in the little manse on the hill that he gained this influence.

For the preservation of this best kind of religious life I am coming to see that, necessary as are all undenominational and united activities, needful as it is to have extraneous efforts owing to the failure of the Church to grapple with present-day situations, church attendance with regularity is of the utmost importance to the individual and the community. The Church,

in its widest sense, is a permanent factor in giving stability to the Christian faith.

> It holds its course so straight and true,
> Despite the madness of the crew,
> It must have higher rule than ours.

Its Sacraments, observation of the Christian year, and liturgical services maintain the bond of fellowship and permanence which is lost in smaller sectional movements. I hope that the Associations and Movements of to-day, while not trammelled by or subservient to any clerical supremacy, will work towards the strengthening of the Church. Religion in the heart must have free expression, and youth calls for free fellowship, comradeship, association and communion, and will not wait—from its very nature it cannot. It will be found that guilds, movements, groups, clubs, get drawn into and at the same time influence the life and activity of the Church if she is ready to welcome their new ideas.

To learn from the religious thoughts and actions of the past, then to improve and build on them, is the responsibility of to-day, and that the same vision can come to its youth as came to St. Paul, Father John, St. Theresa, Juliana of Norwich and Madame Guyon is my firm conviction. Shall not history and experience teach us? In Evelyn Underhill's and Dean Inge's books on the early mystics, in Alexander Whyte's stories of the lives of Scottish martyrs and seers, you will constantly get the inspiration you need, and I would recommend everyone to follow the example of one of the foremost spiritual teachers of our time: 'I always have one of the writings of the great mystics in daily reading that my soul may learn to draw itself within and listen there to the Voice of God as they did.' It is a temptation to be stoutly resisted not to take time for such communion with saints living and dead. If we neglect this the vision will fail; if we practise such personal devoutness the world will see God.

CHAPTER XI

CHANGE

Let me but do my work from day to day
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room.
Let me but find it in my heart to say
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray:
'This is my work; my blessing, not my doom.
Of all who live I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way.'

ANON.

I never loved your plains, your gentle valleys,
Your drowsy country lanes and pleached alleys.
God give me hills to climb, and strength for climbing.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

IT is useless to deny that girls of to-day express religious truths and practise religious exercises in a different way from those of former generations, but let it be remembered that the expressions of our fathers differed in their turn from those of their forefathers. It is only when we go back beyond a hundred years that the language of its books and meditations ceases to be old fashioned. Only the classics of religious literature keep their permanent value.

I was called last year to distribute some thousands of volumes of religious books that my brother had gathered during a long lifetime, and found them to be of definitely three periods. There were no present-day books, none of the kind published by the Student Christian Movement or the Woman's Press, New York, or our own sixpenny books which we find of such value to-day. From contact more with business life—which obviously does not want to think out religious problems—than with student life, and through a few years of illness, he had become separated from

to-day's thought, although not from to-day's action, for no one could be more keenly alive to all that was going on, though he was not in sympathy with modern thought, and was among those who criticise change. There were few books in that collection that could be put on a Y.W.C.A. bookshelf or that we would dare introduce to our Scottish village library. There were some we could give to help build up spiritual life, but the majority of even the early Keswick books we found in language to be foreign to the intelligence of to-day, and books by such popular writers as Macintosh, F. R. Havergal and Bourdillon were useless. Controversial Irish books had to be thrown away as positively harmful, yet they expounded the Bible in their day and built up the faith of earnest men and women in the middle of last century. A few from the pen of Bishop Ryle, C. H. Spurgeon and Mrs. Mortimer in not quite such peculiar language could be given as mementoes to friends and workers of his generation.

But one thing had not changed, and the remark of the packer was significant: 'I have packed up in hundreds of houses, but I have never seen so many Bibles in any house.' These Bibles were in Chinese, Urdu, French, German, Spanish, and indicated his wide human interest. No doubt my theological library will share the same fate one day, but it is valuable to me! So change comes, and it is useless to deny it.

Experience is the note of to-day, and I should not be true to the experience of the past if I did not record that personal religion gave a certainty and a joy which the young do not, I fear, possess to-day.

The true value of the Y.W.C.A. to my generation was that it accentuated, in old-fashioned language perhaps, as its great object: 'To win to the knowledge of Christ their sisters all around.' We set ourselves, in the words of that time, to 'personal work,'

to 'missions,' to 'evangelistic meetings' and Bible-classes, and to arrange drawing-room meetings, conducted by such men as Brownlow North, Sir Arthur Blackwood, Captain Baring and Lord Radstock. The Association was born in a time of religious fervour, the revival was at its height from 1859-1861. The questions 'Are you saved?' 'Have you been converted?' 'Do you love the Lord?' were freely used, and the answers to these were perfectly natural, because the experiences were so real; to say 'yes' was just a testimony to a great fact of experience.

The revival gained many adherents in Scotland, notably in Aberdeenshire. 'Lord, I have given this house to Thee,' was the speech of the heart as well as of the lips of the Duchess of Gordon, who exercised a strong religious influence at that time. Elizabeth Brodie, Duchess of Gordon in her own right, was born on June 6, 1794. Left an orphan at six, she was brought up with the children of the Earl of Leven and Melville. 'She threw open Huntley Lodge in 1858 to the revival preachers, Mr. Macdowell Grant of Arndilly, Mr. Brownlow North, whose conversion at the age of forty-two made a great sensation in the county, and Mr. Reginald Ratcliffe, and threw herself enthusiastically into the work of evangelisation, carrying the message of the revival even into the feeing markets.' She writes: 'The market at Insch was something wonderful. The eagerness to hear of Jesus was most earnest, the solemnity great; the hall taken to speak to anxious ones was filled all day. The greatest wonder was we did not see one intoxicated person.' From 1859 till 1863 great summer conferences of ministers were conducted by Mr. Duncan Matheson, our neighbour Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Moody Stuart of Edinburgh, and others in the grounds of Huntley, attended by seven to ten thousand persons.

She writes again; 'I awoke this morning and have

been very happy and busily engaged. My thoughts have been occupied with three things: the Queen's visit to Aberdeen, Mr. M.'s prayer meeting in a former dancing saloon in his parish, and John's (a former servant) college exam.' The Duchess did not live to see the closing meeting. The whole country-side mourned her death. 'This is the greatest calamity that ever befell this district; of all the dukes that reigned here there was never one like her, for she made it her study to benefit her fellow-men.' Keith Hall, the seat of the Earl of Kintore, Kinmundy of the Fergusons, Haddo House of the old Earl of Aberdeen—all became centres of religious impulse.

This essential truth of our Christian religion, although the manner of expressing it might vary, was kept alive by the Evangelical Movement in the Church of England and by the Plymouth Brethren Movement in Bristol, Ireland and London. It was revivified by the 'Moody and Sankey Mission' in 1874, in which the 'inquiry room,' and 'personal dealing with souls' brought thousands into the light and joy of a full salvation. Hundreds of converts found a home and work in the Y.W.C.A.

In the East End of London, and among special classes of working men such as coal-heavers, navvies, policemen, railway men, we and our friends, Lady Beauchamp, Mrs. J. H. Tritton, Lady Hope, Mrs. E. Trotter, Miss E. Trench, Lady Coote, Mrs. C. Garnett, and the Hon. Elizabeth Waldegrave, used to conduct Bible-classes and dinner-hour meetings, and we learned to give much time to preparation. We expressed our discipleship in this way, and strengthened our own faith.

I have always maintained that the best training for work among girls is work among men, and I never intended to leave that work into which I was thrust in 1874 at Plaistow Lodge, Kent, and continued when we moved to our Scottish home in Perthshire in our

village of Baledgarno and on the farms of the Carse of Gowrie.

Men are more impressionable, men are more frank: they respond more accurately to the spiritual appeal and are less tempted to pretence, so one learns to deal with human nature more wisely. I will give two instances from the lives of working men.

'Among the men who came to our night school in Plaistow and Sunday meetings was a very popular young man, with the nickname of "Sweedy" and his mate Perkins. If he sometimes took his part in setting the dogs at us in our dinner-hour visits, if he ran away from us lest we should see him go into the public house which we visited on Saturday evenings and Sunday mornings; if he felt, as his mate said, "You are just like policemen when you come to Bromley on Saturday night," yet he was a staunch friend. When I was away in Scotland I received this letter from him:

'"Dear friend, you said before you went to Scotland you would like to see a change in me. I believe you have been praying for me, and I hope, please God, it has been answered. . . . Oh! what comfort I have missed! Oh! what misery I have endured! Oh! if I had only know my Saviour before. To think I have slighted Him so long Who has done so much for me. I never dreamed of such happiness before. I thank God He did not cut me off in my wickedness." And writing of his mates: "Oh! how I wish they had found their Saviour and took Him away with them."

'We were in the habit of having a Christian Excavator's Union Meeting every Whit Monday at St.

Martin's Church. Sweedy always came and led the preaching in the streets.

'One day illness struck him down. As he told me afterwards, he had always prayed that I might be at his death-bed. Here came in the wonderful leading of God. For the first time for many years I happened to be in London in the month of August, and was able to go down in answer to a surreptitious letter he sent, and I spent some nights at Belvedere. Jesus Christ was in that room. Sweedy would look up to the corner, and by the smile on his face I knew he saw Him. His wife and a brother-in-law repented at his bedside, and he sent a message to his mates and friends through me to meet him in Heaven. We attended his funeral, and there by the open grave we gave his message: "Tell my mates Jesus will save them." Every house, even the public house, had its shutters up or blinds drawn in token of respect to this Christian man who had settled in the little town and had given up his roaming life as a navvy.'

My next illustration is from Scotland.

'I can remember a sense of direct guidance through the casual remark: "While we are away," said my sister-in-law, "if you need a holiday, go up to the children at Rossie." This was quite unexpected, but I had to go. As I drove up from the station, our old coachman said: "Willie Macleish is very ill; the specialist is coming out from Dundee."

'Willie was the infidel of the village, a most kindly man, who would divide a precious plant to share it with a neighbour for the flower show, but a soul without an anchor, and easily led to take a "wee drappie."

ROSSIE PRIORY, THE FAMILY SEAT OF THE KINNAIRDS, INCHTURE, PERTHSHIRE, SCOTLAND.

THE CAPE TOWN Y.W.C.A. HOLIDAY HOME, ORGANIZED BY MY FRIEND, F. WELSH.

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He would occasionally come at our special request to the Sunday evening service in the Priory Chapel, but had become careless of Sunday attire, of which a Scot is generally proud. I went down to the village with some flowers, and he was right glad to see me. I did the same every day while I was there. The second day I sang to him the hymn "I heard the voice of Jesus say," and came away. The next day he said: "Y'll no go awa wi'out a prayer." "Not if you wish it, Willie," and his ready response showed that he did. "Y'll write out yon hymn for me," and from that day it lay under his pillow. The time came for me to leave. Willie knew what I wanted, and I can see the big man now, propped up in his armchair, looking over his loved garden to the Carse beyond glimmering in the morning sunshine. "I'll no be a hypocrite," he said: "I'll no say I am a Christian when I am nae," and he waved me away. It remained for Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Heywood on their honeymoon there to bring him over the line, and he took the step which, as he told me, he deliberately refused to take when he was a lad of nineteen.'

It was not to be surprised at that when at twenty-five years of age in 1881 I became hon. secretary for London, and, later, District Referee for Forfarshire and Kincardineshire, and then British hon. finance secretary, also when I worked on the Camps, F.H.U. Guild of Helpers, Publications, the Teachers', Time and Talents, Training, and Religious Work Committees, that I kept personal work always in view. I found in the first two posts and also in the wider work of the World's Y.W.C.A., that I could use the experience gained in men's and village work. I look back to my

earliest personal work with the greatest of pleasure. When later the business side of the Association service occupied most of my attention, I clung to my first love, 'navvies,' and spent one out of every four Sundays on a navvy mission station. I was blamed for filling up my time, but I advise every office or busy secretary to do the same! I did not feel I could sit on committees or organise branches and conferences unless I kept in personal touch with individuals. I did not feel I had any right to be a secretary unless I was doing personal work as well.

The Association, as I have said, always stood for evangelistic and missionary work. I have dealt with the latter in another chapter. The early home missions were arranged by the Evangelistic Department under Mrs. E. W. Moore, Mrs. Tottenham and Mrs. Darwin Fox. As heads of that Department they provided speakers for annual meetings which were often of an evangelistic nature. Mrs. R. P. Wood was for many years a valued speaker with great power of appeal to girls.

The Week of Prayer then observed in February was also of this character. Minna Gollock, Laura Barter (Snow), Mrs. Kelman and Miss Pacy were among the speakers I remember. The Drawing-room Meeting Department had been for similar work among the upper-class girls; under Mrs. Edward Trotter, Mrs. Abel Smith, and, later, under Marcia Rickard, there was a time of real spiritual awakening among the girls of the West End. George Clark and Violet Singleton were much used in this way. While Minna Gollock was my private secretary, we invented 'Time and Talents,' modelled on some work she had done in Cork. When Time and Talents became absorbed in social work at the Time and Talents Settlement in Bermondsey, it could not devote enough time to the more direct work among girls of leisure themselves, nor in drawing them into Association membership.

It therefore became necessary to have a more democratic department with a membership within the general membership, instead of separate as in Time and Talents, and we started the Guild of Helpers. It was this that appealed to Lelie Duff, Zoe Fairfield, Dorothy Delmar-Morgan, Mollie Lyne, Queenie Wilbraham-Taylor, and others who later served the Association in other ways. I can look back to almost revival days in some of our week-ends. For nine successive years from 1904 the inspiration of a Guild Camp was a feature of the year's work which many still miss. The need for such opportunities for girls of education plus leisure to meet to face their special responsibilities and opportunities and to consecrate them to service of Christian movement is being met now by the appointment of Dora Robotham, while she is kept out of India by illness, to bring this Guild call to youth to-day.

It is one of the disappointments of age and the consequent necessity of passing on work to the younger generation that one cannot pass on the fire and sacred enthusiasm. Is it because they have not had the same experience of the Spirit's power? I sometimes pity those who have not seen God's Spirit working as we have seen it in camps for girls, in the same way as in the Navvy and Moody Missions, or have not been through a revival, with its revelation of 'the power of an endless life,' such as we have seen in the Hay Aitken and Canon Body Missions, and in the Welsh and Kassia Hills revivals. Doubt as to its possibility, exaggerated ideas of the danger of emotion are perhaps the reasons why we do not see so much fervour to-day. Or it may be that God has new ways of bringing girls and women into His Kingdom. But it is the duty of the coming generation to see that the fire spreads, for the Kingdom of God always 'suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.'

CHAPTER XII

OVER THE SEAS

The Student, as he realises it, feels himself in one long line of torchbearers. He attains what is the most compelling desire of every human being—a work in life which is worth living for and which is not cut short by the accident of his own death.

He draws out of the past high thoughts and great emotions, he also draws the strength that comes from communion or brotherhood; the communication is a quite unmistakable fact.

R has fallen, the torch which he had he handed on.

Their lives and their examples threw a torch to us; let us see to it that we keep the torch burning, hold it high, and carry on.

A Scottish Member.

The first foreign country that I set foot on was France, when, according to annual custom, our family spent a month at the seaside, choosing that year Boulogne-sur-mer, under the care of an aunt, Olivia Kinnaird, who was known in and outside the family as Aunt O. My father and mother meanwhile went to Geneva to help to inaugurate a scheme to raise money for building a Calvin Memorial Hall in that place. My mother was a constant reader and admirer of Calvin, the great reformer of the sixteenth century, and always maintained that the tenets known by his name were not to be found in his own writings. I was only six years old, so I did not try to study the country, as I now like to do whenever I go abroad.

A family tour when I was seventeen, which included a sail up the Rhine, mountaineering at Zermatt and Chamonix, a visit to our friends the Navilles at Malagny, near Geneva, and a tour in the Italian Lakes, was my only experience of the Continent for many years. Twenty years after, my niece Winifred Bevan and I spent some time for our health at Les

Avants. Nothing that I have ever seen quite comes up to the unique beauty of the snow mountains of Switzerland, and no experience is so delightful as that of being roped together on the shoulder of the Matterhorn.

I must confess, however, that I am never so happy as under the British flag, unless it be under the Stars and Stripes of the United States. All my service abroad for the Y.W.C.A. has been under our own flag. I have visited India four times (see chs. XIV, XV, XXIII), Canada twice, Ceylon twice, and South Africa once.

I have spent time for various purposes in many of the capitals of Europe, and stayed wherever possible with the people of the country. In Amsterdam I lived for a few days in students' diggings with a great friend of mine, a Boer girl, Nell Van Heerdon, whom I had met in South Africa when her heart was very sore over the result of the South African War. There and at Leyden I enjoyed every bit of my time among South African and Dutch students.

Brussels I had visited in our first tour, and became interested in the formation of an Englishwomen's Home there.

No one visiting Berlin could fail to be impressed by its wonderful organisation, and during my first visit in 1910 for the meeting of the World's Y.W.C.A. Conference, I felt the grip of the autocratic management and efficiency which seemed to lay its heavy hand on freedom. My second visit was as late as 1903, when I spent the first days of Advent in the Y.W.C.A. Burckhardthaus, in the suburb of Dahlem, as the guest of those brave women who carry on the work of the Association voluntarily when there is no money to pay for salaries or even proper food. In this visit I learned to appreciate the sentiment which underlies the character of the people and their love of music. It has twice been my privilege to visit Cologne and to sit under the magnificent arches of its Cathedral.

In Geneva I stayed in the house of the great

Egyptologist, Edouard Naville, and his wife Marguerite. He began his study of Egyptian hieroglyphics when spending a winter with us at 2, Pall Mall East. It is curious that we were associated in our youth with two rival Egyptologists, for Flinders Petrie, as a young man, used to play the harmonium for us at our Sunday evening services in the Iron Room at Plaistow.

Geneva was the place chosen for the second World's Y.W.C.A. Conference on account of its great Reformation memories. The hopes of the world are now centred there as the home of the League of Nations. Let us hope that once again light will go forth from this city, bringing in an era of peace and righteousness among the nations.

New York reminds me of the generous hospitality we enjoyed in our first visit in 1888, and of the contrast of my reception there when I went as a beggar the second time, on deputation for the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission in 1903. Americans prefer, as a rule, to give to their own missions, though in co-operative work they are splendid.

Ottawa reminds me of high walls of snow and of sleighing, which decidedly interrupted our deputation work.

Paris recalls various experiences, first as a tourist; second, as a delegate to a women's conference; third, when I went with Mary Morley to work in an Exhibition Home; fourth, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hoff in their magnificent flat, when I went as a speaker at the British-American Y.W.C.A. Annual Meeting; fifth, in a cheap pension for the World's Y.W.C.A. Conference in 1906; and sixth, at that busy American hospice which was such a useful part of the splendid work that this sister Association did in France during and after the war, leaving behind such lasting results.

Stockholm, because of its beauty, is a joy to live in, and its pleasant people give you a warm welcome, but the fact that, while attending the World's Conference

we lived in a hotel instead of in one of the homes of Sweden, lessened the interest of the visit for me.

Toronto is one of the great aspiring cities of the world, and here I was most hospitably entertained in the house of that unique character Mr. Blake, as well as in that of Mrs. Homer Dixon, whose charming daughter was then a fascinating child.

Vienna I visited in 1921, in the sad days after the war, trying to give a little cheer to our friends of the Y.W.C.A. there, who were then, and are even now, bravely carrying on their work under great financial difficulties. I discovered, as I often discover by experience, that it was possible to travel third-class on the Continent without much harm, and thus save money which is so much needed for the work.

As a Vice-President of an international association, it has been my duty to study the characteristics of the different countries of the world in the hope of better understanding the requirements of their girls, for it is not only visitation that is required from members of a World's Committee, but comprehension of the manifold problems. The visits to the capitals of Europe and America (to which I have alluded in alphabetical order—an arrangement I have often found effective in speeches on overseas work, linking them with the letters of the name of the town or village where I am speaking) were necessarily short, but the time often given to consultations has been long. I have not personally visited Athens, Budapest, Peking, or Tokyo, yet all that concerns their youth has been my concern too, and their interests are mine. I have acquired a real international conception of the world in studying its young women, so much so that my friends laughingly say that I shall never be happy until I have also communicated with the inhabitants of Mars! Shall we not see into these planets one day, when science has completed its work?

I was able to give some months to the Y.W.C.A.

of South Africa, because circumstances made it necessary for me to go there, when I took my godchild Olive Maclean to be married, and I played the rôle of mother at her wedding to Major Packe in Pretoria. The first Y.W.C.A. we stayed in was the beautiful house in Long Street, Capetown, where Jessie Welch has done some of the splendid work for which her family is distinguished, both in the Y.W.C.A. and in the North African Mission. I confess I was distressed at the race prejudice so rampant everywhere. Once I made a nearly fatal mistake by introducing my African friends into the English Association. Although this race distinction is contrary to Christian principles, it was not the business of a World's visitor to break through the national arrangements in any land, but rather to suggest to the leaders what seems to be a more enlightened policy.

I was sorry also to find that there was not among the Dutch an understanding of the principles of the Association, and little sympathy with the work, and I tried to form points of contact. It was this lack of understanding, I fear, that prevented the Student Christian Association from becoming a part of the National Y.W.C.A. The longer I live, the more I deplore this division in work among the young.

It is always a joy to meet great men, and a kind invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling to tea in their South African home gave me an afternoon of great interest. Both were at their best as clever, interesting talkers, and I felt that I wanted four ears and two brains to take in all I could learn from them. Another afternoon in Bloemfontein I spent with Mr. Hertzog, then Minister of Education, now Prime Minister. He struck me as one of the cleverest men I have met. I stayed with an old friend, Miss Gore Brown, and found myself in absolute harmony with the views of herself and her brother, afterwards Bishop of Bloemfontein, as to the racial barriers which existed

even within the Church. They seemed to the Bishop, as to me, to be anti-Christian. Time spent in their little prayer room was a great refreshment. I was a guest there of two other old friends, Judge and Mrs. Fawkes, who were of like mind.

After my godchild's marriage at Pretoria, I helped to lay the foundations of the Y.W.C.A. there, and then gave myself up to travelling for the Association with and without Daisy Gabb, staying with Baron and Baroness Bentinck in Johannesburg, and the Butterys in Durban. I toured during the summer (our winter) of 1908, and enjoyed every minute, feeling the charm of the vast expanse of the veldt intercepted with kopjes, and having occasional talks with Rossie lads, whom I found in good positions as railway officials, milk purveyors, or police. We imagined ourselves for an hour or so back on our Scottish hills.

Not the least interesting was a drive over rough fields in a waggon driven by African girls in pink sunbonnets, and the delightful thirty-six hours' visit to a Mission School, of which nearly twenty hours were spent in meetings in the little church, or in their schoolrooms, at all of which I was made to speak to unexpected congregations who kept arriving. I can still hear the summons bell, as it rang to announce a new meeting. There was a delight in these meetings after a religious awakening which can never be forgotten, and which more than counterbalanced the very rancid butter which it seems often the fate of missionaries to eat!

Durban brings less pleasant recollections. My steamer arrived six hours late because we had a genuinely rough passage with the attendant misery of sea-sickness up to the last minute. A large meeting was waiting for me, and I acquitted myself with all the dignity I could muster as an envoy of the World's Committee. It was delightful to find there and at Port Elizabeth, Pietermaritzburg, and Johannesburg

buildings worthy of the letters Y.W.C.A., and overseas secretaries from England doing their bit for the new country.

My last visit to an unknown country was to a very different one last year—Portugal, with its old civilisation and memories. It is one of the fascinations of a visit to a new country to find not so much new things as new ways of doing things, and a different point of view from that of one's own country. There can hardly be any greater contrast than between Lisbon and London, the capitals of two of the greatest seafaring nations. Both have long been centres of trade and shipping, with docks and factories, both are the seat of the Government and the centre of pleasure and amusement; but how different Lisbon is from London. In the place of the Thames, there is the great Tagus, nine miles broad, with its beautiful blue waters, from the banks of which curious, narrow, white stony streets go clear up into the sky-line, bending down as rapidly, turning and twisting in dangerous curves.

I was the guest of one of the Legation, Victor Perowne, and lived in one of the old houses hung with ancient pictures and with beautiful old tapestries which my young host had collected.

A great variety of girls came to the Y.W.C.A. meetings at which I spoke, but they have only one uninteresting room in which to meet. It was a little disconcerting to go to a committee meeting in Lisbon at eight-thirty p.m., and not get back till one a.m. Just as I thought it very late to leave, at eleven p.m., tea was announced in Portugal fashion, and this lasted till after twelve o'clock. It certainly gave me time to get to know the members of the Lisbon Committee. Baroness Olga Meyendorff, sent by the World's Committee, has done a great work in bringing in younger girls through the Blue Triangle Clubs, but the British community is still untouched.

It is a far cry from Portugal to Sweden, as it is from

Constantinople to Christiania, and the nations of the North differ from those of the South, both in their traditions and in their point of view. In these northern countries, as our own Scotland, we find that the religious appeal is a more personal one, and the call to the individual is more direct, also there is a strong and perhaps warlike element in their religion. Love of family, of home and fatherland are perhaps stronger in Northern Europe than anywhere else, and this creates a strong national spirit that is not altogether conducive to the growth of internationalism which it is so essential to create in this inflammable period of the world's history if peace is to be restored to Europe.

In a recent visit to Germany I noticed this especially, and I believe that the only hope for that unfortunate country is to get the spirit of Christmas into its national life. There is something very beautiful in the new spirit that has come into our Association there, fostered by the visits of the Hon. Mrs. Waldegrave, World's Y.W.C.A. President, and Gladys Bretherton, Assistant Secretary. Very beautiful were the faces of the young secretaries and typists in the great Burckhardthaus where over twenty secretaries live, and as many more used to work, though war conditions have thinned their ranks. For love of the girls of their land, and in their desire that the Association may continue its work, they have voluntarily renounced their salaries, only receiving at the end of the month an equal division of that which remains in the coffers —for they will not get into debt. No eight-hour day is theirs. For love of Christ they work early and late, and you can read on their faces a look of content and peace which comes from sacrifice.

Youth movements are strong in Germany. The 'Wandervögel'—Wandering Birds—especially appeals to the youth of that land. Let our Y.W.C.A. members be as self-sacrificing and as tender as their fellow-workers in Germany, and they will be as happy.

CHAPTER XIII

CONCERNING TRAINING

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair.

Upon whose bosom snow was lain
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

JOYCE KILMER.

WITH the dawn of this century the Y.W.C.A. entered on a new stage; it had become an organised Association, a national institution, and was calling educated women into its service, and the need for a Training Home in order to have an efficient Secretariat was being felt on all sides. It was resolved to turn an existing well-worked Institute at 14, Finsbury Square, E.C., into a Training Centre. The first Principal was found in one whose whole life and cultured intellect had been attuned to the highest by self-sacrificing devotion and humbleness of mind, Lilian Duff. She gathered round her some of the girls of the new generation who wanted to give their services to the Association and felt the need of being trained. Among these were Evelyn Ward and Josephine Barclay and Miss Nitzel from Sweden.

The Centre was called a 'Preparation and Testing Home,' it being understood that part of its work was

to discover whether students who underwent the training were, in fact, suited for work in the Y.W.C.A. It partook of the nature of a settlement as the Finsbury Institute remained in the house; expert teachers in the Bible were engaged, and the Rev. J. Daw, one of them, said it was a treat to teach girls, as they were not only better listeners than men, but apter pupils and anxious to give all their time to the study he set them.

It was a joy to me to have one of my greatest friends, Lelie Duff, undertake this work which I and my co-secretaries for London, Mary Morley and Ada Habershon, had long wanted to see done. I was constantly there, both among the girls in the Institute and among the students.

The subjects I taught were the Prophets and the Gospels. I shall never forget the joy of the students as they studied the historical setting of the Prophets and the different aspects of each Gospel; the Bible became a new book to many. I went twice a week, and lectured also on the work of the Association. There were lectures on business methods and public speaking, and visits to the British Museum with Ada Habershon and Mrs. Thomas Greer were arranged.

Overwork has always been a Y.W.C.A. sin, and here the students were taught how to relax and how to play.

The centre of all was Lilian Duff. With her beautiful calm and unconscious holiness she influenced all that she touched, and the diary in which she made them keep a simple record of how they spent each hour was an index to her own methodical mind, and how resolutely she kept, and would have them keep, the hour of solitude with God. They might break up the time into parts, but one hour a day was her minimum. Sixty students passed through her hands before she laid down her work, and on all was laid the impress of her holy life.

Lilian Duff had never been in the United States, but she had met and conceived great admiration for such women as Harriet Taylor, Elizabeth Wilson, Helen Barnes, and others who had planned such a wonderful organisation as the Y.W.C.A. of the United States, and made it such a power in their country, for in America the Association was not, as so often here, a Bible-class with a tea, a mission of the rich to the poor, or a work for girls that old people could do. It had developed there from the Student Department of the Colleges into the City Department with its splendid buildings planned to meet the physical, social, educational, and religious need of every girl. Frances Field came from the States to be Miss Duff's colleague, followed shortly afterwards by Mary McElroy at the Central Institute, where she worked out the American plan and taught us much. It has always been a grief to me that, through the insular ideas of our committees, this interchange of secretaries between the two countries was not developed as it might have been.

The falling in of the lease caused us to move temporarily to 32, Bedford Place, W.C. Salome Bryan and Lucy Brown Douglas took charge until this house was closed in 1906, but not before seventeen students had been trained for the home and foreign field, and many more had received inspiration from staying there.

The next step was the call of Winifred Sedgwick from the Student Christian Movement, who, with the help of Marcia Rickard (Time and Talents Secretary), started afresh in Hillfield Road, West Hampstead, chosen to be near Westfield College. They moved in a year to 43A, Acacia Road, to which we gave the name of Duff House, in memory of one who had given to the Movement such a high standard of efficiency and self-effacing devotion. Winifred Sedgwick held that a full training course was essential, one year being, in her opinion, the minimum to be of any

value. But when the war came, girls were required for war service, and were unwilling or unable to give even three months to training, so the Training Committee was obliged to arrange fortnights of intensive training for workers in France and in this country. In co-operation with the Y.M.C.A., who asked us to train their ladies, Tudor House, on the grounds of the old Mildmay Institution, was taken. Mildmay had been acquired by the Y.M.C.A. and equipped as an Emergency Training School, so that we were able to work together, using the same chapel, garden and gymnasium; and joint lectures and organised games were arranged. The fact that after the war many came back later as full-time students or to refresher courses proves the wisdom of the committee's action. Cecil Heath, sister of the late Warden of Toynbee Hall, became Warden, with Frances Barton as her Bursar. She sought to instil and to train her students in that dependence on God which would enable them to go forward when the help of man seemed to fail, and armed them to occupy the difficult posts of club leaders. There are sixty names on the list of the Tudor House Students' Fellowship, of which I am proud to be an honorary member; and many old students are serving the Association in this and in other lands. Cecil Heath herself is in Jamaica.

Training of another kind is provided by Conferences which are arranged from time to time, and which must always be a feature of an association which is not a charity, nor a mission, but a fellowship for mutual service. At first most of the Association's Conferences were local and informal, people coming together quite naturally in order to pool ideas and find out methods of carrying them into effect, and, above all, to get the inspiration which comes through united prayer and consecration. In time these informal gatherings developed into larger and more fully organised conferences, when with a wider outlook we got a deeper

inspiration. They, in turn, grew into national conferences, representative of every branch, which meet sometimes biennially, as in Great Britain, sometimes triennially in the States, or quadrennially as in India, Burmah and Ceylon. They are the governing bodies of the particular association, and are composed of delegates elected by branches in proportion to their membership; the presence of overseas secretaries and visitors from as many nations as may be invited lends international as well as national interest to these gatherings.

Perhaps no living member has attended as many conferences as I have. I have been at every World's Y.W.C.A. Conference, as well as to the two commissions in 1920 and 1921, which we held instead of a properly elected conference, owing to the conditions which made transit difficult and expensive after the devastation of the war. I have been President of the Indian National Conference, a member of the Committees of British National Conferences, Representative at a National Conference of U.S.A., and Secretary of many London Conferences, not to speak of having initiated and organised many Divisional and County Conferences, and led the first Members' Conference at 39, Bryanston Square in 1898.

I have therefore the right to speak from experience, and I can confidently affirm that I have no regrets for any time spent at a conference, international, national or local; they have been the most fruitful and the most effective way of drawing nations and individuals together in a fellowship which could not have been achieved by any other means. They have kept us 'moving,' although the word 'movement' adopted by this generation was not invented in those earlier days. They give the opportunity of pooling ideas, framing policies, and solving problems; they give a spiritual impulse through meeting women of deep spirituality and vision, through the humbling sense of failure

which they induce and the training they give in quiet waiting before God. They have proved themselves to be the most operative way of touching the girl life of each generation. I have seen changes in phraseology and arrangements and difference in religious expression, but from the first Y.W.C.A. Conference in 1894 to the one at Sontagsberg in 1923, composed only of young workers, at which, of course, I was not present, there has always been a wonderful sense of the presence of the Holy Spirit guiding and directing, and a communion of souls fitting us for everyday life and inspiring to higher ideals in commonplace duty. At our conferences both the active and the contemplative side of life is provided for, so that the active may learn the need for waiting on God for inspiration and power, and those who are mystics among us may turn their aspiration and vision into practical service for the common good. The names of Blanche Bannister, Adeline Campbell, Minna Gollock, Sophia Nugent, J. Penn Lewis, C. Tottenham, Annie Trotter and Lily Trotter naturally come to our minds in connection with the earlier conferences and the Quiet Days in which the Y.W.C.A. called together workers other than their own. At one time the old Morley Halls (316, Regent Street, W. 1) were a well-known centre for such in the West End of London. It is still a habit of the Divisions to begin their winter's work with such gatherings for consecration. The Rev. C. G. Macgregor, the Rev. E. W. Moore, and later Professor Cairns, the Rev. Herbert Gray and Canon E. S. Woods, are remembered with gratitude in connection with these gatherings.

I still hear someone whisper, 'Waste of time!' Think awhile; there must be some source of authority in a large society, and if we do not believe in autocratic rule we must adopt the democratic one; for this the mind of the membership must be ascertained, its voice be heard, it must express itself. In a very real

and deep way, as we have experienced over and over again, guidance comes to a body of people assembled for a set purpose, as it can come in no other way. The power of thought is as great as that of action, and it has, I believe, been truly said in a recent thoughtful book that a corporate mind is not only the sum of individual minds, but has itself a separate consciousness. If this is so, we are on our way to further revelations, and we may look for 'the greater things' and to 'do the greater works' that our Lord promised. Is not this the idea underlying our Lord's creation of the Church, the 'Ecclesia,' the gathering out of, and not only the setting up of, a kingdom? If medical men, dentists, scientists, philanthropists, and trade unionists have to come together in international conferences to compare methods and learn from each other, it is even more essential that Christian women should be drawn together in world conferences and commissions, seeing that it is the characteristic of the Christian Church that it knows no bounds of race, character, or colour, and makes only for fellowship and peace. Men and women of big ideas are not jealous of each other's advance or success, but are glad to learn and to share.

I notice with regret, however, a growing tendency to small group conferences, summoned by individuals and carried out by them on personal lines, a custom which, I fear, may lead to dissension and division, instead of to the wider united influence for good which can only come by corporate guidance.

NOTE.—As we go to press our training plans are coming to fruition. Through the generous gift of Mrs. George Cadbury, £4,000, we are able to build our Training College in that splendid religious educational centre Sellyoak, and Miss Kelman has been appointed Principal.

CHAPTER XIV

HIDDEN MUSIC

For it was given to him to hold his part in that hidden music which from the beginning has not ceased to rise from the hearts of the faithful, and which, like the music of the old myth, has secret potency to build, unnoted on earth, the walls of the spiritual city.—VIDA SCUDDER.

Religion is horizontal and vertical. Religion is essentially social horizontally in the sense that each separate soul is intended to develop its own special gifts within and through, and for, the larger organisation of the human family. And it is essentially social vertically; indeed, here is its deepest root. It is unchangeably a faith in God and intercourse with God, and though the soul cannot abidingly abstract itself from its fellows, it can and ought frequently to recollect itself in a simple sense of God's presence.—VON HÜGEL.

WHEN Emma Robartes first called together a few of her girl friends to pray that they might share in the spiritual awakening of their time and help to spread it; when Mary Jane Kinnaird took her friends after dinner on Wednesdays to the little Iron Room over the garden wall of Pickhurst Manor, where we had a country house for twelve years; or when she went over to Barnet to pray with her friends, Jannetta Wilbraham Taylor (whose husband was in the Royal Household and kept his Court attire at our house) and Gertrude Gossett, it was a more unusual thing than it is now for women to come together in this way, and the Y.W.C.A. prayer meeting was a new idea for girls. But it came to stay, and these two women inaugurated the prayer meeting as standing necessarily behind any new effort to which they were being impelled. Before the committee, before any fresh venture, it was a necessity. At first extempore prayer seemed strange to some, but it soon became quite natural to meet in this way and to do without a Prayer

Book. I still remember a day when at a prayer meeting called to pray for the Moody and Sankey Mission, the house had to be ransacked for a Prayer Book, because a London Prebendary, unused to such conventicles held in a drawing-room, could not pray without the authorised prayers.

You would find on every Association signboard of this time, ugly as they were, this beautiful fact, that one evening was devoted to prayer, and girls came in numbers and took part with their secretary.

But these early women of faith and prayer knew that the real force behind prayer meetings must be private prayer, and it was to us girls a constant inspiration to watch my mother pray. Strange to say she did not shut her door in order to possess her soul in devotion and meditation. She could shut the door of her soul while we children played around her, and her tightly-closed eyes and calm brow told us she was in communion with God. Private prayer lay behind the prayer meetings as personal prayer lies behind public service.

Family prayer and church attendance were compulsory in our family and household, and to this day I look forward to and find that family prayers link us together as a household as nothing else can.

My next lesson in prayer as a united force bringing the world together was the observation of the first week in January as the Universal Week of Prayer. These prayer meetings, for and throughout the world, which my mother in correspondence with the Ludhiana missionaries inaugurated, are now carried on by the Evangelical Alliance, and in our youth the crowded evening meetings at Freemasons' Hall, Long Acre, were a great delight.

The next occasion was the time of the Œcumenical Council at Rome in 1869, at which the doctrine of papal infallibility was enunciated, and which my mother looked on as a fatal step in the history of the

Roman Church. It is a curious fact that the minutes of this Council are not yet signed, so the infallibility is not fully decreed. She was inspired to organise a world-wide call to definite prayer, sending forth an invitation which was translated into many languages and circulated from our home. The whole work of preparation and propaganda was done by voluntary workers; we children were taken from our lessons and with our governess, familiarly called Betty Baiter, acted as clerks. Our home became an office of universal interest and a place of many languages.

And finally the Y.W.C.A. Week of Prayer in February, which arose out of a great Women's Evangelistic Mission in Birmingham, helped to create a National Association united by prayer. This week was first used more as a week of evangelisation, and it has been my lot to arrange many a series of meetings, for by this time the embargo on women speaking and praying was disappearing, except in the meetings conducted by the Brethren, which movement had come to be a strong force in this kind of work. The Y.W.C.A. owes much to their preachers, the Rev. J. Denham Smith, Shuldham Henry, Harry Moorhouse, Alfred Trench, and to their women. Even now in meetings for fellowship of the strict Brethren a woman may not raise a hymn, and I have known a hymn given out, waited for, and then abandoned because no 'brother' was there to raise the tune.

Later, when the World's Association was inaugurated, on the advice of Great Britain and many countries the second week in February was changed to the second week in November, which is now, in consort with the Y.M.C.A., observed as a World Week of Fellowship and Prayer. The first act of the newly-formed World's Committee, recognising that its most potent link is that of prayer, was to arrange this. Requests from every part of the world come in during the summer and are collected in a booklet, which also

contains a subject for daily meditation and teaching prepared in different parts of the world alternately by someone of the World's Y.M. and Y.W.C.A. The subject for 1923 came from the East; it was entrusted to a daughter of India. Whenever special needs and special circumstances arose, it became usual for cercertain Association leaders to call the workers and members together for 'Quiet Days.' Prayer, as the inspiration of effort, was constantly resorted to for the choice of a house, a site, or for some special sum of money. In fact, special experiences of answers to definite prayers (next to the work in the Inquiry Room and preparation for a Bible-class or Gospel meeting) have been in connection with the raising of money, which I knew was also the case with my mother long ago. Many a time I have called friends together because some great need of extension had arisen and no funds were available. I remember well on one occasion when we wanted to avoid debt and needed £1,000, I took a list of possible givers, and wrote to ten persons one by one for £100. Each gave, and thus the £1,000 came in.

And when at the commencement of the war the London Finance Campaign Committee lost heart, I started to collect £4,500 for the purchase of the lease of Bedford House, Baker Street, encouraged by only three of my fellow-workers. Guided each day where to go and what to write, I received £1,500 by cable, and £1,000, £500 and nine gifts of £100 through personal visits, just because I knew it was the work God had given me to do. I used to go to a house each morning and caught people, sometimes to their great amusement, at breakfast, which they offered to share, for during the war this was the only time to find them at home. Everyone was out all day. Mr. Howard Morley had promised to complete the purchase if we raised £4,000 within a certain time. The day which he had set as a limit arrived and the sum was incom-

plete, but by 11 p.m. the money had come in, and we had to take a letter claiming his promise over to his house to be there before midnight! This was not the only time this generous man helped us in difficulties. Annie Wingate can tell an earlier story, of the acquisition of the second Headquarters, 25 and 26, George Street, Hanover Square, London, W. 1, how one day she heard the house was to be sold, made inquiries, and gathered a few of us, in what is now known as the Book-room, to pray for guidance as to whether it was the place meant for us. An official letter was sent, offering £20,000 for the freehold and building; it lay the next morning on the lawyer's table, with a similar offer from another purchaser. Our letter was opened first, so the premises became ours.

When I try to record the most remarkable period of answers to prayer I must confess that they are either in relation to definite evangelistic work or for finance, in relation both to the home and to the foreign field. With reference to finance, I learned this great lesson from G. F. Pentecost: 'There is more in the Bible about money than about any doctrine, and more about giving than any other Christian grace,' and he startled us once by saying that there is no book in the Bible which has not something about giving. I thought he was mistaken in regard to two books—the Epistle to the Ephesians and the Book of Revelation, so I turned them up and found in Eph. iv. 29, 'working with your hands that you may have to give to him that needeth,' which includes working parties and beggars! And in Revelation: 'Worthy is the Lamb to receive . . . riches.' Surely this may include collections. That there is nothing unspiritual in begging, nothing necessarily material in conserving lists of subscribers or collecting from house to house is my firm conviction.

While with an ordered organisation we were led on to more organised and regular ways of raising funds

and find it necessary to have our Publicity as well as Finance Department, with treasurers, finance secretaries and collectors, we need not in any way feel that we are acting contrary to the simplicity of the faith of other generations. They have left us a heritage of work which must be done or their labour will be lost, and I have no sympathy with those who blame us or any Association for being sometimes in debt. To possess buildings, to have the backing of treasurers, to rest in faith on subscribers, is to have cause for praise, but it is also a call to the other part of prayer, which is petition, and often those who give also pray. Personally I do not believe in endowments, and I do not feel any moral difference between signing the lease of a house to live in, when I have not sufficient dividends paid into my bank at the exact time of signing, and incurring a debt because the necessary funds have not come in.

I have been and hope to remain a beggar all my life, and I expect that my mother's motto, quoted in the first Y.W.C.A. Report, will still be fulfilled: 'Prayer and pains with faith in Jesus Christ will accomplish anything.'

Notably has it been the case that we have obtained direct answers to prayer in connection with our foreign work, and in the early days of the work in India we had the same experience in the choice and sending out of workers. If I could include the answers to prayers of our fellow-workers in the Overseas Department of U.S.A. and Canada, I should call in Harriet Taylor, Mary McElroy of Bombay, Laura Radford of Calcutta, and Agnes Hill to tell you how it was answers to definite prayer that gave them courage; or I should take you to the great buildings and to the changed lives that testify louder than words all over India, China and Japan to petition presented and answers given.

It was to the Prayer Union early established that

we owe so much of the progress of the Association, and it was this which proved of incalculable value in the preaching of a life of prayer in the home and in business houses, though I do not suppose that it ever dawned on these women that their quiet prayer union and prayer meetings were creative. They were truly this, and as a result led continually to new developments. The Association, it will be seen, led the way in a movement for extempore prayer and for women's prayer meetings, which were till then unknown. The tide has again turned, and there is a tendency now to use and rely on written forms of prayer, which I confess gives me some anxiety. It is easy to read out of a collection or to use some beautifully expressed prayer at the commencement of a committee without really putting heart and thought into it, or without waiting for the guidance of the Spirit of God. The collect as well as the extempore prayer may lift the whole gathering to a higher level if the chairman or the leader has prepared for it; but how often its repetition is perfunctory and formal and does not bring God's presence near. I know the more æsthetic taste of to-day and the cultivation of the use of beautiful language has brought a revolt against the 'sameness' of much extempore prayer and against a form of expression which hinders rather than helps devotion; but I trust we shall never lose the spirit of waiting on God to know what to pray for as well as how to pray. The publication of forms of prayer for special occasions is usual in several countries, and, of all books of this kind, those that have helped me most are 'Great Souls at Prayer,' 'Day by Day,' by J. H. Jowett, and Joseph Parker's prayers in his commentary on the Bible, not to speak of Thomas à Kempis and Fénelon, without which one could hardly live or pray.

CHAPTER XV

ON COMMITTEES

In all work there must be much 'organisation,' a rather dreaded word; but let us ask: Is organisation human or divine? Have we any revelation from God with regard to it?

Is Organisation Human or Divine?

God's system of organisation is absolutely divine, and can be seen in all His Creation, from the solar system to the tiniest fly. Organisation is God's plan and purpose for His Church.—LILIAN DUFF.

My brother and his Eton and lifelong friend, Quintin Hogg, whose marriage to our friend Alice Graham kept up the tie of friendship, represented two types of voluntary work—individual and associated. The Polytechnic (Regent Street) is the outcome of Quintin Hogg's individualistic work, and was his one interest. He even took 'his boys,' as he called them to the day of his death, with him on his honeymoon, and his wife learned to love them as much as he did. My brother, on the contrary, believed strongly in associated and committee work as essential to progress. He was president or treasurer of twenty-eight different societies, and associated himself with the committees of many more. I must confess that I feel as my brother did on this point, though not to the same degree, as I feel more personal responsibility to work for the cause on the committee of which I am. I have seen many truly great efforts fall to the ground because the one individual died without leaving an organisation to carry on his work, and I believe the lamentable multiplication of societies is due to the fact that scope is not given to the young to enter into the inner working of societies already at work. Contrary to many people, therefore, I have great faith in committees,

and I believe they carry out the Bible precept: 'In the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom' (a committee), and 'A threefold cord who shall break?' (a sub-committee). I am glad of every hour I have spent in committee work, unless the business has been carried on in an unbusinesslike way, and the chairman been ignorant of committee procedure and therefore inefficient. The interest of it even as a study of character is intense, and the discipline to oneself most valuable. It is the want of such continuity as a committee gives that makes so much work ineffective, and many good ideas fall to the ground without it. To my mind they are the most foolish words of an otherwise wise man: 'I like to be on a committee of three, with two of them ill in bed.' There are people of certain limitations of sympathy with, and lack of confidence in, the opinions of others who are wise to stay off committees, as their presence does not bring the harmony which is necessary when there are and ought to be differences of opinion with an open mind in all, so as to give richness to the work undertaken. But provided you do believe in organisation as the Divine method of carrying on a world, nearly everyone can be a useful member.

I suppose I have been on as many committees as most people. I have attended as many as twelve in one week. When I believe that I cannot give a contribution I resign my place. This may be my fault or the fault of others; still, one is useless in such a case. I believe committee work gives scope to use the talents of the young, and I am on this account a firm believer in biennial or triennial elections, as giving the opportunity of constantly bringing in fresh life. I learnt early that annual elections are often mere form; everyone is quietly put back with the excuse that they have not had sufficient time to prove themselves useful or not, and no careful analysis is taken regularly of attendances and useful work. I grant to the people

who do not believe in committees that you must be intensely interested in the object for which the committee exists, and if it is a committee for a religious object you must feel the distinct call to be there. It is only common honesty to do the work which has been committed to you in the best way possible. I have for these reasons spent a great deal of time on committees for drawing up constitutions, and I used to come down by night from my finance Campaigns in the North to be present for two days at a Constitution Sub-Committee which I conceived to be of extreme importance to the whole future of our work, returning by the next night train; and I have often arrived after a night's journey for the Scottish Council in Edinburgh for the same reason.

In order fully to realise the essential value of committees you must study parliamentary procedure, and you see how the whole business of the nation is conducted by departments and committees. Parliament itself is a great committee, and England owes much to its parliamentary system of government.

All associated work needs the constant inflow of new ideas and of the modern point of view, especially in an association which is designedly for the young. One of the dangers of our Association is the attachment of old workers and members, of which I am one! We still wish to serve on national and international committees, and we feel that a knowledge of the past is sometimes useful; but we know it is impossible for the old to have the elastic mind of the young. For this reason I would not stand again as Vice-President of the World's Y.W.C.A. Committee, though again for the term of two years I am one of the Vice-Presidents of the British Y.W.C.A. I have constantly made myself unpopular with elderly and old members by insisting on this principle of youth. It has not always been pleasant to remind them, as I am constantly reminded by my own nieces, grand-nieces and

other fellow-workers, that the young of to-day have greater knowledge than we have, and that, believing in the value of continuity, they want to try new methods in an established Society rather than have the drudgery of making a new Society. The question is: Shall we allow them scope? I apologise to my old friends and fellow-workers, but I admire the older American secretaries who in middle life are adopting a business career in order not to remain in and hinder a younger movement. In contrast to this I see some branches throughout this country ceasing to make any impression on their neighbourhood, totally out of touch with young life, and becoming an old women's Association. Experience has its place in the Association, and personally I find that suggestions based from my experience are valued. Often, however, when I hear these discussed I am the first to realise that they belong to another age, and should not be followed up. Experience is essential in much of our national and international work, and where the leadership of the Association has to be in the hands of older women we recommend that every Association should appoint a girls' work secretary to study and co-ordinate work for the girls of teen age.

At the same time I always remember the warning of my cousin, who was like a second mother to me, and after whom I am named—the Hon. Mrs. Henry Noel: 'Emily, do not become a worker with a capital W,' and the words of Sir Andrew Clark, another of the great friends of my youth: 'Always read a book that you cannot easily understand: it will stretch your mind.' I tried to keep the balance by maintaining family relationships and making an effort every holiday to read some stiff literature. My friends laughed at me for travelling with a strapful of heavy books.

There is no place to enjoy such reading as in some beautiful country resort, and I never felt a year complete without a visit to some of my friends on the West

Coast and dipping into its fascinating literature. To enjoy Fiona McLeod's books fully it is necessary to live in the neighbourhood and know the people intimately. Another of my autumn haunts was Onich, the home of Sir Molesworth and Lady Macpherson of Calcutta, in that historic land of the Macleans and of Glencoe. We used to go to the kirk over the water and watch the people coming in their little boats, and we spent delightful days in their steam launch, or picnicking in Glencoe. I found that such relaxation was necessary in order to have the clear mind which is necessary for committee work.

A fourth autumn resort was the island of Raasay, rented by our friend Barley Donaldson Hudson, afterwards Collier. Here I came into personal contact with the old Scotch habit of pulling down the blinds on Sunday so as not to be disturbed, and of attending long services two and three times a day. It was considered by some of these old people a sin even to take a walk on Sunday. It was the custom in Scotland on account of long distances to have the services at twelve noon, and again at two o'clock, and to sit in the churchyard between services to 'eat a piece,' or, as we did in some places, have a cup of tea 'up a stair.' These days are gone, but are we much better for insisting on one service a day, and that a short one? And would not our work be more effective with longer and more thoughtful preparation?

CHAPTER XVI

INDIA: FIRST VISIT

Anecdote is more true than history.

Let us in our message offer that which is beyond creeds—the evidence of our lives of communion with the Spirit of God.—J. W. ROWNTREE.

Who, if not Evangelicals, with all the traditions and certainties of an available Christ, of a Father's yearning love, of unfathomed human need and boundless human response, should help to this recovery?—E. S. WOODS.

Set the whole world on fire and in flames.—IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

I OWE my interest in India to the atmosphere of the home in which I was brought up. Viewing our connection with that country as having been brought about providentially, though through imperfect human agencies, my parents felt that a great responsibility rested upon our people to give to the people of India the best we had. Hence, though the cause of Christian Missions was not quite popular at the time even within the Church, and statesmen did not realise how valuable missionary work was, especially in imparting education not only to men but also to women, keen interest was felt in our home in all that was going on in India. Institutions like the Madras Christian College, the Church of Scotland and Free Church Colleges (now united) in Calcutta, the London Missionary Society's College in Bhowanipur, the Wilson College in Bombay and the Christian College in Lahore were no mere names to us. Among our visitors at 2, Pall Mall East were missionaries like Dr. Duff and Dr. Wilson, ours being one of the few West End houses in which a sympathetic interest was taken in Indian affairs. We had the honour of welcoming Keshub Chunder Sen, the famous leader

of the Brahmo Samaj; my mother always hoped that Mr. Sen, with his great intellect and devout spirit, would one day accept the Christian faith and join the Christian Church, but he chose to remain in his Eclectic Church even though he could not at that time avoid compromises with Hindu customs such as infant marriage. In judging men like him we should turn to ourselves and ask what obstacles we had placed, though unconsciously, in their path.

The opening of the Suez Canal in the seventies of last century made quick travelling to India possible, and my mother immediately grasped the opportunity, and organised a winter mission—the first of the kind to India. This was led by Dr. Somerville of Glasgow, a man of striking personality and a forcible speaker, who made a great impression. He was accompanied by Ada Bromley (Cox) who went also at my mother's request to study the situation among women, but could not at that time start a Y.W.C.A. for want of potential members from among the women of the country.

When in 1889 Dr. G. F. Pentecost organised a Mission to India with the assistance of Mr. George Stebbins the singer, my sister and I found in it an opportunity of responding to the call of India which had been sounding in our ears from our childhood's days. A party of seven, full of youthful ardour, we found ourselves on board the *Khedive*, of 3,700 tons, then considered a large boat, which took five weeks to do the voyage from London docks to Calcutta. We began our Mission on the boat itself. Thanks to the kindness of the captain, special arrangements were made on the first-class deck for Sunday evening addresses by Dr. Pentecost, whose method of presenting the Gospel message was so much appreciated that some of his hearers, including Government officials and wealthy merchants, offered to organise meetings for us in Calcutta. The Opera House was secured,

and for ten successive weeks Dr. Pentecost addressed the European community in Calcutta. The Viceroy, Lord Lansdowne, found time in the midst of his onerous duties to attend several meetings. Nor was the Indian community neglected. In Bhowanipur and Cornwallis Square students thronged to listen to a preacher who spoke with such force and pointedness. In order further to influence the European community, drawing-room meetings were held in the houses of the B.I.S.N. Company's men, whose guests we were. Amongst those who supported the Mission should be mentioned Bishop Thoburn of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. A. Clifford, afterwards Bishop of Lucknow, Rev. A. Brockway of Bhowanipur College, Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Scott, Colonel Broadbent and Mr. Stephen Jacob. The missionaries of the L.M.S. and those of the Presbyterian Churches identified themselves with the Mission, but the Bishops and Chaplains were not quite so sure of us! Later their attitude, however, towards the Y.W.C.A. changed, Bishop Whitehead of Madras, for instance, many years later when I visited India again, sending me a special letter of welcome to his diocese. He would not sanction the formation of a G.F.S. in his diocese, since a denominational organisation for women seemed foreign to Indian thought; but he considered that the Y.W.C.A. embodied the Christian ideal which he so much wished to see accepted in India. As an indication of the Bishop's attitude, Mrs. Whitehead became President of the Y.W.C.A. in Madras.

In the midst of Dr. Pentecost's programme, my sister and I found time to go to places like Patna, where we visited the Duchess of Teck Hospital of the Z.B.M.M. and Lucknow, where the first time we went we laid the foundation-stone of the Lady Kinnaird Memorial Hospital. The next time, a year later, we went to open the hospital building, which was com-

pleted under the supervision of Mr. John Dyson, who married a family friend of ours, Fanny Hollond, and entertained us there twice.

The Government of India's exodus to Simla suggested the transfer of our Mission to the queen of hill stations in India, where we organised meetings daily at five o'clock for twelve consecutive weeks. These meetings were attended by people of all classes—British, Anglo-Indian and Indian—proving beyond all doubt that the Gospel message had lost none of its ancient power, and I can name a number of friends who, during those days, had their faith revived and who reconsecrated themselves to Christ's service. One permanent result of this Mission was the development of the Simla Y.W.C.A. under the leadership of Mrs. Harriette Waller, wife of General Waller, with the help of the Rev. J. Forman, Minister of the Union Church, Colonel and Mrs. Broadbent, General and Miss Broomhead, Colonel Scott, R.A., and Rev. G. Smith and his daughter, who is still there.

Our desire to see the Afghan frontier at Peshawar was checked by Dr. Pentecost's summons to us to join him in the Mission to Mussoorie, a hill station. The conditions and outcome of the Mission were similar to those to which we were accustomed at home. We stayed at the Landour Rest Home, a gift to the missionaries of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission.

When the time came for us to descend from the hills to the plains and direct our attention to the southern parts of the country, we had our first experience of a sandstorm on leaving Mussoorie, and, after a short visit to Lahore, came to Poona, where we were the guests of that beloved Scottish missionary, Rev. J. Small. Our Mission here lasted seven weeks. It was memorable in the missionary history of India, because that remarkable woman Pandita Ramabai then came out more openly into Christian experience. We, who observed her coming morning after morning to the

Bible reading, can never forget the light that shone on her earnest face as the truth came home to her.

During all this time we were quietly planning to extend the Y.W.C.A. In the cold weather of 1891-92 two conferences were held, one in English and one in Bengali, in the old Mission Church, Mission Row, Calcutta. The only existing Associations were those of Bombay, Colombo, Hyderabad, Poona and Simla, and it was not until 1900 that the National Y.W.C.A. of India, Burmah and Ceylon was formed. Visits were accordingly paid to Lucknow, Agra, Amritsar, Muttra (one of India's holy places where pilgrims came together for washing away their sins in the Ganges), Lahore, Rawal Pindi and many smaller places.

While I was engaged in this work I was called away to Madras where Dr. Pentecost was closing his eighteen months' Mission to India and addressing large audiences who were deeply impressed with his message. Here I had the honour of speaking in his tent and starting the Madras Association.

The lack of knowledge of the East among the people of the West is as much the result of preconceived notions or of a prejudiced mind as of a general unwillingness to learn. There was then, and still is, great ignorance about India, and the least desirable approach to Indian problems is perusing books on India written solely from the British point of view. It is in the clearing away of this mist of misconception and in the promotion of a better understanding of India by the West that the missionary societies have rendered yeoman service. I recall to mind the language and social difficulties we encountered in getting into close touch with the Indian women of the early nineties. Very few of them could speak any other than their own vernacular language. Mrs. Sorabji of Poona and Ramabai at Mukti were then our only Indian hostesses, and Rajah and Rani Har-

nam Singh and their family, of whom we saw a good deal, were among our chief friends.

The first Indian woman educationist at that time was Miss Bose, the Principal of Bethune College, Calcutta, and she was the first Indian lady to dine at Government House.

In a subsequent visit I enjoyed the hospitality of her sisters the Misses Bose, in Hari Ghosh's Lane, North Calcutta, who were the first two Indian women to take a full medical degree.

Principal Bose was a staunch Christian, and I remember how she once related to me a humorous, but no whit less sad, conversation she had with her partner at table. The talk was about missions, and thinking Miss Bose was a Hindu her neighbour indulged in a tirade against missions and converts. After listening to him for some time she said quietly: 'I am a convert and a product of missions.' The discomfiture of her fellow-guest can be more easily imagined than described.

I can remember the prejudice which then existed against missions. Once when dining in a Government circle I heard stories circulated freely against missionaries—mostly, let me remark, by the military—revealing an ignorance and prejudice unworthy of British genius. 'I have never seen a satisfactory Christian,' was a common remark, 'so I know Christianity is not taking root in the East.' Again: 'Missionaries live so extravagantly and love to have a good time.' When this last was said, I put a few disconcerting questions like: 'How many missionaries do you know?' 'In how many mission houses have you stayed?' 'How many Indian Christians are your friends?' and the answer invariably was 'None.' So, like the traditional elusive argument, 'I have never seen a lion, therefore there are no lions in India,' these stories against missionaries are passed round.

I should not conclude this account of my first visit to India without a word of tribute to our trusted Indian Christian servant, T. C. Samuel, who was a source of envy to many European masters. Accustomed to cry down Indian Christian servants for inefficiency and untrustworthiness, one of them, an officer in the army, said to me: 'Miss Kinnaird, you are lucky; your servant is always sitting at your door working with his needle or his pen.' 'Yes,' I said, 'Samuel is one of your despised Christians.'

It has been a source of pleasure to me to notice every time I returned to India Samuel rising in the scale of life. A schoolmaster, then a church officer, afterwards secretary to an open air band; he is now holding a good position in the British India Steam Navigation Company's Office in Calcutta.

CHAPTER XVII

INDIA: FURTHER VISITS

Friends, spread yourselves abroad that you may be serviceable for the Lord and His truth.—GEORGE FOX (1654).

Fire us with a comprehension of this love of Thine that it may sear pride of race and exclusiveness of affection, making us love those we don't like and serve all in the power of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Seeing that we, of our own freewill, have joined in one family, in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, let us claim His promises and come to Him in prayer, that we may know and do His Will.

THE experience gained by my frequent visits to India has enabled me to speak with a certain amount of practical definiteness at Y.W.C.A. and other conventions, of our work in the East. At the missionary meeting in Keswick in 1908 I represented India along with Mr. Pengwern Jones, the organiser of the Bengal Prayer Union, to which I belong, and also at several meetings on Friars Cragg, after which offers of service overseas were received, as well as at the Guildford Convention meeting in Stoke Park. To-day the Overseas Committee discharges such functions for the Y.W.C.A., but in those days, when the Foreign Departments of National Associations were not formed, Mrs. Burton Alexander, Harriette Waller and myself had to do everything for the call and the financing of Y.W.C.A. secretaries for India. The arrival of the weekly mail from India was always looked forward to with keen interest, for it brought news of wonderful answers to prayers in the field, of openings for new work and the need for more workers. The approach of Christmas was also the occasion for exciting work, for Lord Kinnaird, my sister Gertrude,

and myself made it a rule to send every year a book to each of our secretaries as well as to our Zenana Bible Medical Missionaries. Such books as we sent were in those days difficult to obtain in India, and were therefore much appreciated. The Christmas mail day was thus a very busy day at 115, Mount Street, where the whole household, young and old alike, took their part in doing up parcels.

In such ways did we lay a cable of spiritual service between England and India, along which messages travelled to and fro all through the fifty-two weeks of the year. I kept up regular correspondence with our earliest workers, Maud Orlebar, Ellen Daw, Dora Clark, Alice Bethune, Minnie Collins, Helen Omond and Annie Bishop as well as with Mrs. Waller, Mrs. Clark, and Mrs. Arnott. I have with me ten bound volumes of their letters, along with the monthly letters I edited in Hindustani and English.

Maud Orlebar's letters were a means of grace not only to me personally but to others when I read them at meetings, asking the listeners for their prayers. The call thus brought went straight home to many hearts, so that they, too, became givers, either of themselves or of their means.

The sending forth of workers was not done without a pang and a sense of personal loss. When my great friend Edith Picton-Warlow (Turbervill) heard the call to India through Mary Morley at Keswick and went, taking with her Marjorie Hobbs, I parted with one on whose ability I had come to rely, but what was my loss was India's gain. She wrote from Port Said on November 7, 1899 : ' Just a few lines, dear L.P., to tell you we are so far safe. I like to think it was from your house, 115, Mount Street, from which Agnes Hill also went, that I left for India—the first house that I entered four years ago and found everyone in sympathy.' On February 2, 1900, she writes from Calcutta : ' Oh, L.P., we are thankful about the house

in Simla. The first Holiday Home in India is an established fact, and actually rented in the name of the Y.W.C.A. M. Hobbs and I hope to go in March. Do pray that no one may go or come without feeling the presence of Jesus.'

A glimpse of her work is obtained in what she wrote while holding the post in Calcutta until Laura Radford arrived: 'Mrs. Scott and I went to call on all the principal shops to get to know the girls. They were so nice and obliging; we are going to give them an evening social. Do you remember the nurse I told you of, who was in real immediate danger. She died of typhoid. Where would she have been but for the Y.W.C.A.?'

She writes again at Simla:

'Would you like to know a programme of my day? Early breakfast at seven, then dress, and a quiet hour before the day's work begins. Breakfast at eight, and then away to the office for two hours. Twelve to two o'clock visits, because I must get to know some of the people. Home again to a late luncheon, and then out to visit the shop girls, which is not easy, as I have to do it in shop hours. After next month we expect the home will be full. It is pathetic how many people have applied, hoping to come for nothing, and yet our charge is only Rs. 25 a month.'

I visited India for the second time in 1905-6 in the company of my sister Gertrude, whose special sphere of labour was the Zenana Bible Medical Mission, my object being to revisit friends and to give a helping hand to the Association in various places. We were met at the Apollo Banda, Bombay, by May Procter and Mary McElroy, who carried us off to the Y.W.C.A. premises. I shall never forget the feelings of profound thankfulness with which I walked up the steps of the beautiful building for which I had prayed and worked, and observed the usefulness of the top floor for which the funds came to us so won-

derfully at the last moment, feelings similar to those which were awakened in me when on landing for the fourth time in India in 1922 I found another Y.W.C.A. building in the adjoining street, the Lady Willingdon Hostel. These are two of the nine splendid buildings which the National Y.W.C.A. possesses in India; its many other premises are rented buildings. (Unfortunately to-day, because of Kutcha labour, the Bombay house has to be rebuilt.)

When in 1906 my sister Gertrude was looking after her Z.B.M.M. work, she stayed at the Queen Mary High School, which is so much appreciated by the leading citizens of Bombay that they do not hesitate to send their daughters to be educated there, May Procter and Mary McElroy sat down and drew up the plan of my tour. This included Karachi, Hyderabad (Sindh), Ajmere, Lahore and Abu Road, and ended in Calcutta, where I stayed with the Macphersons. The Y.W.C.A. has always enjoyed the sympathy and support of the Viceroys and their wives. Lady Lansdowne was the first of the series of Vicereines whose name and influence were a source of strength to the Association in the early stages of its growth. We have been allowed, however, to develop on our own lines without in any way feeling bound to obey Viceregal commands, even in the shape of invitations to parties, the acceptance of which stood in the way of our work and usefulness. When at Government House, Lady Minto showed much personal interest in the work of the Calcutta Y.W.C.A., and took a leading part in securing a permanent building for the Association, at the opening of which she was present. She received Queen Mary when she visited the Association at its new premises at 134, Corporation Street. Later we created quite an innovation at Government House when Lady Hardinge received the delegates to the National Quadrennial Conference consisting of Indian, Anglo-Indian and English members.

To-day Lady Reading continues to support the Association, and Lady Rawlinson is a beloved President.

In 1909 the work of the National Council of the Y.W.C.A. of India, Burmah and Ceylon, in the formation of which I had assisted, was expanding so much that there was need for more workers than were forthcoming. On my offering to go out a third time, I was delegated to Colombo, where the general secretary, Miss Guitner of U.S.A., badly needed someone to assist her. The heat of the Red Sea, through which I travelled in September, was soon compensated for by the cool breezes wafted from the Indian Ocean over the Palm Grove Slave Island, in which the Colombo Y.W.C.A. was situated, where I took up my lodgings after enjoying for a few weeks the hospitality of Miss Fairlie, the local president of the Association. In Ceylon I had opportunities of observing Buddhism as a religious force, and could not help feeling that it was more a philosophy, a system of thought, than a religion; that it appealed more to the head than to the heart; that it lacked a central personality to whom the believer could attach himself in devotion, and thus rise in spiritual life. The contrast with Christ as a Person who arouses the deepest emotions of the human heart and guides men in noble living is so plain that Buddhists have taken to worship Buddha almost as a god quite contrary to his own teaching, to celebrate Wesac, Buddha's birthday, and to use Wesac cards in imitation of our Christmas greetings. Thoughtful Buddhists often say to me that they are atheists, and therefore prayer is not a part of their cult.

Being a sort of relieving officer, I was no sooner settled in Colombo than I was suddenly called away to Bangalore to take the place vacated by Edith Picton-Warlow, the breakdown of whose health had necessitated her leaving the country. I went all the more gladly because the Association in Bangalore was one which I

had started in a one day's visit in 1892. The work here was most interesting—taking Bible-classes in several centres of the town, organising a tennis club, getting up moonlight picnics and sharing with Miss Caswell, the hostel secretary, the anxieties of a family of lively girls, even to giving advice as to matrimony and helping the brother Association during its secretary's illness. One great drawback was the want of an Indian fellow-secretary—a want still unsupplied—as well of a hostel right in the city, run on Indian lines.

From Bangalore I was soon called away to Lahore, where I performed similar duties. There was a fascination about this pioneer work which it is difficult to communicate to those who have no experience of India. Travelling in the night trains in fairly comfortable carriages, exciting conversations with fellow-passengers, arriving at a junction at one or two a.m., sleeping in the waiting-room, meeting a group of enthusiastic members at daybreak, or addressing them in the hurry of changing stations, the weird journey across the desert, when you were told you would be dug out of the sand in the morning, the novelty of the work, the response to our four initials—Y.W.C.A.—all this imparted a great charm to the work of foundation laying.

These wanderings also gave me opportunities of enjoying Indian home life. I can never forget the happiness I felt when for the first time I lived in an Indian family—with Mrs. Sorabji in Poona. The next time I stayed at the house of Judge Advani, whose wife, an Englishwoman, was the treasurer of the local Y.W.C.A., and in her death last year I lost a friend. This was, not, however, the only time I stayed with them. Their home, like so many other homes, was always open to me.

By this time the Association had become a great boon to the Anglo-Indian community, who made the fullest use of the commercial schools, which are a

feature of local Association activities. Hitherto the women of the Anglo-Indian community experienced much difficulty in finding means of self-support, except as teachers, but not all who wished to be wage-earners had the gift of teaching. The Association provided the necessary training for women to earn their livelihood in offices and shops. That great patron of Anglo-Indians, Sir Robert Laidlaw, of Messrs. Whiteaway, Laidlaw, whose stores are to be found all over India, once sent for me to tell me that his highest hopes for a community in whose welfare he was so much interested were fulfilled through the Y.W.C.A. 'My Anglo-Indian typist,' he said once, with profound satisfaction, 'is as good as any London typist.' His generosity helped to bring several of our buildings into existence, and enabled many girls to live in the Y.W.C.A. Hostels.

I may at this stage record a few observations which struck me at the time. One of them refers to the inadequacy of the staff available for managing our Associations. The Overseas Departments of our own and other lands have never had sufficient funds to send out and support an adequate staff, nor has the Indian National Council been able to supply the full quota of secretaries needed for the purpose.

Another thing which struck me was the necessity of denying ourselves the pleasure of mixing with our own countrymen and countrywomen in the stations we visited, since we were not out in India for a social purpose. In our last visit we did not think it worth our while even to make 'midday calls,' as is the custom in India, only to find the words 'dawasar band' (shut door) on the gate; nor to visit the skating rink or the club, which everywhere was full of people from 5 to 8 p.m. Before I set out for the first time to India, Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, and others who had the highest interests of our national life at heart, sent for me and asked me to think out plans by which the thoughts of young

married women in India could be turned to social service and missionary interests. I was many times distressed to find that Indians who had begun to find entrance to the Civil Service were cold-shouldered by English officials and others; the treatment accorded to them and their wives in clubs was far from cordial, notwithstanding the instructions issued by Government in recent years that equal treatment should be accorded to them in every respect.

It was not often that we could enjoy the luxury of travelling in a Government railway carriage. But this privilege was vouchsafed to us by Sir Charles Scott, whose friendship we made at the Calcutta and Simla Missions in 1891. The luxury of it was pleasant in contrast to second or intermediate class by which we usually travelled for economy's sake, as all good Y.W.C.A. workers do. We visited with him Poona, Nasik, Ahmednagar and other places. During my last tour I travelled third class, but it is a comfort to think that our secretaries sometimes have the advantage—in hot weather the advantage is almost a necessity—of travelling first class, owing to the fact that two of the large railways in India give the Y.W.C.A. workers a free pass; but these railways are partly Government owned, and Government is more anxious to help forward work which is for the benefit of the community than are private directors, who need to justify their salaries. It is a pleasure to acknowledge that the Government of India has hepled the Y.W.C.A. in various ways by grants of land, by paying the salary of secretaries engaged in educational work, and in commercial training, and by placing at the service of the Association the advice and guidance of their public works officers, and the Association has in return helped to teach the girls of India the dignity of labour. Lately, owing to the service rendered to the city, Government gave £3,000 of the £10,000 needed for extension.

Through central buildings, often with hostels attached, through holiday homes in almost every hill station, through a staff of over fifty secretaries, national and international, possessing spiritual and Christian experience, the Association is exercising an increasingly beneficent influence on the woman life of India.

Wherever I went I was impressed with the policy of the Y.M.C.A. in India. I met its splendid American leaders and Indian secretaries, among whom I reckon many friends, such as Mr. K. T. Paul, Mr. H. C. Balasundaram and Mr. Sircar. But it was in connection with the Indian Y.M.C.A. in London that I formed most friendships. Somehow my love for Indian boys grew with my love of Indian girls. As I owed a great deal of my pleasure in India to Indian friendships, specially during my 1922 visit when so many Indian homes were opened to us, I was naturally attracted to the one place in London which was like a little bit of India. I have always felt in visiting a country that you cannot know it unless you live with its people; and besides, how else can an international feeling be kindled? Staying in an hotel seems to me a waste of time, since the hotel surroundings are the same in every city, and you meet people of your own 'jat.' In Canada, in Switzerland, in the United States, in Germany, as in India, it has been my privilege and pleasure to receive hospitality and thus to make real friends throughout the world.

CHAPTER XVIII

A WIDER HORIZON

Every morning lean thine arms upon the window-sill of heaven and gaze upon thy God, then, with the vision in thine heart, turn, strong to meet thy day.

The Lamb of God is taking away the sin of the world; this is a sight, not a truth, you may see nothing. If so, I cannot tell you about it, I can only say, as John did, 'Behold!'—R. BARBOUR.

On the formation of the World's Young Women's Christian Association Committee in 1894, London was chosen for the World's office, and I was appointed one of the first three vice-presidents, as my experience of work in the East seemed to fit me for it. I accepted the duties and sought to help my dear friend Lucy Tritton, who was appointed President. I have served in this capacity until the present year, when an American, resident here and with knowledge of the East, Mrs. Reierson Arbuthnot, took my place.

It was a liberal education to work with Annie Reynolds, who came from the United States to be the first General Secretary. She was a true statesman and a straight thinker; of generous build and mind, she seemed made to be a World's secretary. She found an organisation ready to her hand, for the British Y.W.C.A. gladly surrendered to the new organisation the two sub-committees which had hitherto been responsible for work in Europe and the Colonies, and they formed the nucleus of the World's Y.W.C.A. Committee. As it had become usual to hand finance to me, I was asked to raise the necessary budget, which then was £800. We received generous annual subscriptions from Mary Morley, Lord Kinnaird and Lord Overtoun. Mrs. J. H. Tritton, Lady Pearce and others helped with smaller amounts. The budget was

shared equally by Great Britain and the United States, but gradually other countries assumed their share of responsibility, raising their contribution by means of the ' World's Penny ' levied on every member.

The wise rule was made that every three (afterwards changed to four) years there should be a World's Conference, that the location of the office should be decided on by that conference, and that the General Secretary should be from a nation other than that chosen as headquarters for the ensuing terms of years. As a matter of fact, London has up to the present time always been unanimously chosen as the headquarters of the World's Y.W.C.A. Some of us think it ought now to be at Geneva. The General Secretary has always been an American.

Annie Reynolds resigned after ten years, which she considered a long enough term of service. On an average she travelled two thousand miles a year, visiting the Associations in many lands. She was succeeded by Clarissa Spencer, whose term of office was longer, owing to the advisability of keeping up during war time the connections she had made. The affection she had created during her ten years' travels made her of great value during the strain of war time, and to her it is greatly due that in spite of strong national feeling no nation broke away from the World's Y.W.C.A. Before the United States came into the war she was able to visit Germany, and later to keep up communication with them through Holland. She has been succeeded by Charlotte Niven, whom we all love.

The World's Committee itself, which is composed of women representing nineteen countries, meets every two years in different parts of the world. The interim work is carried on by an Executive composed of women residing in the country in which the headquarters is situated, so as to ensure regular attendance, which is essential, owing to the important and critical decisions which have to be made. An effort is made

THE FIRST CONFERENCE OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF KOREA, ARRANGED TO THE SIGN OF THE BLUE TRIANGLE

The last of the Nations to come into the World's Y.W.C.A. Federation of 48 Countries.

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as far as possible to elect women of other nationalities resident in London, and at no time have there been less than two or three members from the United States. Latterly there have been two Indians. No far-reaching decision can be made by the Executive without reference to the whole World's Committee. The Association is further bound together by a final court of appeal, the World's Conference, composed of delegates in proportion to membership in each country.

There is a fascination on the one hand, and a difficulty on the other, in World's Conferences—the fascination of new minds and new manners, the awakening to different points of view, the stretch it gives to one's vision of life; and then the difficulty of receiving quietly criticisms arising from these very differences, of adapting oneself to actions and opinions which are alien to one's own national views, not to speak of the curious prejudice one has for preconceived national ideas and practices. Finally, the difficulty of patiently listening to translated speeches and discussions, in order that all may give their opinion, is a test of friendship!

I have seen these difficulties quite wonderfully overcome, when people are agreed on some great purpose, such as those which are carefully thought out and brought before us at a World's Conference. On one occasion it is the formation of a religious Basis to which members of all Christian Churches can subscribe, wide enough to embrace all and real enough to safeguard our Christian heritage. On another occasion we are concerned with the interpretation and adaptation of the Christian message to youth. Countries are at different stages of growth; different nations have different mentalities. At first the one could not understand the other's point of view, until mutual forbearance and a real desire to serve the youthful generation brought about unity, even unity of expression.

These conferences have been found to be times of great fellowship and inspiration. Friendships have been formed and policies inaugurated for the benefit of the young women of the world which can only be carried out by the mutual understanding provided by such opportunities of conferring together. These conferences have been held in London, Geneva, Paris, Berlin and Stockholm—the last in 1914, two months before the outbreak of war.

Not the least important result of such World's Conferences is the way in which they develop leadership. At every conference we meet new leaders and make acquaintance with women of outstanding personality of different nationalities. Such a one, for example, is the General Secretary of the Japanese Y.W.C.A. Michi Kawai, daughter of a long line of Shinto priests, who devoted their lives to the search for truth, which she has found. Miss Kawai studied in the U.S.A. in order to become a teacher, and was appointed afterwards to a Government post. The first General Secretary for Japan, Caroline Macdonald, a Canadian woman and the writer of that remarkable book 'A Gentleman in Prison,' saw in Michi Kawai a potential leader, and when she herself resigned to take up prison work, Michi Kawai became General Secretary. I am told that her mother still finds it hard to approve of such a public life as this post necessitates. She is known through the length and breadth of Japan as a woman of remarkable power, with great gifts as a speaker.

No less remarkable is Shin Tak Hing. Herself a convert to Christianity, she was sent for industrial training to U.S.A., and through the generosity of an American was enabled to come to England to study in the School of Economics in London, where she was given a free scholarship. She was the only woman speaker from the East at the International Congress of Working Women in Geneva in 1923. When she

returned to China, it was as a Secretary of the Chinese Young Women's Christian Association.

An Indian member of the World's Committee was Mohini Maya Das, late Associate General Secretary for India, Burmah and Ceylon. She has represented the Student Department of the Indian Y.W.C.A. at conferences in St. Beatenberg and Peking, where she made a deep impression.

Two new developments have been forced on the World's Committee since the war, through the new position of women in industry and the rapidity with which locomotion can take place from one land to another.

The position of women in industry and the consequent need of watching social conditions called for the formation of an Industrial Committee, and Mary Dingman proved in a remarkable manner to be the woman to develop this work. She visited most countries in Europe, collecting statistics and advising on questions affecting women industrial workers. In 1922 she gathered representatives of fifteen nations together for a six weeks' Industrial Training School in London. Since then she has visited Asia, Australia and New Zealand, and has been lent for a term of two years to China.

The needs of women and girls migrating after the war from one country to another were urgent and pitiable. A Migration Department, with Elizabeth Clark as secretary, followed by Ruth Larned, both Americans, undertook the care of emigrants from the moment they left their own land until they were safe in the country of their adoption. No longer was it sufficient to have as in past years an emigration secretary here and an immigration secretary there, for emigrants pass through various countries, with the complication of differences of coinage, language and custom, and are often in grave danger on their long journey. A chain of workers was necessary to ensure their safety, and migration offices were opened in

strategic centres. Their work has now been handed over to another committee, and the Y.W.C.A. is no longer directly responsible for it.

The World's Y.W.C.A. will never cease to do individual work, for the genius of Christianity is to spread from one person to the other, and for that other to continue the process of interpreting Christ to yet another. Nor will the work ever cease to be carried on by the young for the young. This is why some of us are not re-elected to the post of vice-president, though we continue our interest and service. We believe in the young—their hopefulness, their fresh outlook, their new sense of power and even their self-confidence carry the Association through difficulties which would oppress older people.

That the spirit which led to the first starting of the Y.W.C.A. is still alive to-day is shown by the following incidents.

At the destruction of Smyrna hundreds of Y.W.C.A. members and other girls fled homeless and penniless to Salamis and Greece. A Y.W.C.A. unit from Constantinople immediately went to Athens, started relief work and helped thousands. Some refugees in Athens put their thanks in a column of the newspaper thus:

'We consider it our duty to express publicly in the newspaper the thanks we owe to the Y.W.C.A. workers who with pleasure and motherly love felt constrained to help us in our distress. Our obligation is so great that the only thing we can do is to pray for you.'

An observer writes:

'I cannot but note the courage and faith of these refugee members from Smyrna who, under their secretary, Miss Isaakadou, are building up an Asso-

ciation in Athens. At the close of a Y.W.C.A. party a girl exclaimed: "I go home happy; this is the first time I have been happy since the catastrophe. I felt the spirit of fellowship and love on entering the room."'

That they have now gathered a membership of 700, proves that the Y.W.C.A. is what they need.

From the family of a refugee who was restored to her home through the Y.W.C.A. Migration Bureau, a grateful letter was received:

'GENTLE MISS,—Our sister has arrived. We gladly received her back. Perhaps we would never have seen her again had it not been for you and your bureau. We will be more than glad to compensate you. The World's Committee has been wonderful.'

A further testimony comes from Roumania, in the broken English of a girl who has joined the Association Club:

'Every Tuesday a five-o'clock tea joins all the persons who see and understand the safe ideas and the moral prejudices. The friendly and merry interior of the *foyer* and the sympathy showed by the members to all their visitors have made of it a pleasant and loved temple of the new and safe ideas.'

The Queen of Roumania, after seeing the war work in Paris, wrote to the World's Committee:

'We see in the Y.W.C.A. an ideal society which can undertake the renewal of our country.'

She herself visited last summer's camp, for which she had lent a house; she was so pleased with what she saw that she has promised the house for this summer, and is having the windows hung with orange curtains to represent sunshine.

From another of the lately contending countries comes this testimony:

'My heart is too much in earnest to be limited by any national barrier. I live for the Y.W.C.A.: I have no other interest in my life.'

The international service rendered in New York and other American cities, the hostels at nearly every port of the world and in all cosmopolitan capitals, the International Service Department of Great Britain, with its Bureau, Hostel and Club, make a chain of protection and friendship all round the globe. In a week at the International Hostel (10A, Newton Road, London, W. 2), you will hear a dozen different languages, and at the beginning of a college term or of the business season its capacity is severely taxed.

'At a recent gathering to meet girls of the East,' writes a secretary, 'a Chinese resident was at the piano, the only girl who could play for an English singer at sight! Waitresses in Indian saris floated about, a Bengali gave us music, a Burmese woman Law student met an Indian Economics student, both residents of Burmah, Madrassés met Punjabis, Parsis fraternised with Brahmans. A Chinese Law student from Singapore was the secretary of this gathering, and the World's Secretary, who had recently flown from Finland to Latvia to attend conferences in these two countries on one day, spoke to us in the English tongue, the only language which could be understood by all.' Truly the Y.W.C.A. is nothing if not international.

The greatest courage and faith has been shown by the workers and members of the Y.W.C.A. in Japan after the terrible earthquake which destroyed such

large areas of Tokyo and Yokohama. Michi Kawai, so beloved by us in England, tells of wonderful instances of faith and courage. She wrote:

'It is matter of great regret that our Y.W.C.A. books, records and cards were not saved. We shall build barracks in Tokyo for the National Y.W.C.A., and shall begin relief work as soon as possible. The request has come to us from our southern city Associations that my time should be given for evangelistic work, as this is the most opportune moment to do that. I am not a bit prepared for that, but, after all, I myself will be greatly blessed if I obey their commands. Often I sit down and ask myself, "Where is your work which you have been building for the last fifteen years?" It sounds pessimistic, but I am not. I read Psalm xlvi. and Isaiah xxxv. and several places in the Epistles where the promises and power of God transcend all our petty plans and hopes and fears, and by faith I can see the city and work built not by human hands but by God Himself. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith Jehovah."'

From as far afield as Onitsha in West Africa comes a letter of greeting from the native Y.W.C.A. secretary:

'I am sorry that I am not an educated woman to write to you at any time. That book which you send to me very nice book, and I try my best to read it at any time. Thank you. . . . Blessing to one another in our work among young women. Your friend in Christ.'

Thus the chain of fellowship and service encircles the world.

CHAPTER XIX

FROM CAMP TO CAMP

A DREAM.

Some years ago I had a wonderful and vivid dream. I dreamt that a Conference of those interested in the bringing of the reign of Christ was to be held in the park of a friend's beautiful home. There had never been so great a gathering—men and women flocked to it from every part of the world, drawn by the joyful announcement that our Lord Himself had consented to preside.

Galleries had been arranged in one seemingly endless straight line, each gallery with a platform, as if for those who were to address that particular audience. But, as you will believe, we had little interest in the speakers; attention was concentrated upon the far-off raised platform with its still unoccupied central throne.

There was intense silence. While we waited we enjoyed that fellowship of quiet of which we are conscious during the celebration of the Communion Service; we seemed to know not only our own longing for Him, but that of each one of the vast multitude stretching beyond our vision on either side of us. They were wonderful moments.

Then, the central platform filled, I saw many whom I knew. My own father, who had died to the earth life, not long before, was with a friend, who at that time lay dying. I simply noted this; it mattered so much more to catch a glimpse of Him who was now seated on the throne. I did not see Him enter. He, so to speak, became invisible, as seemed quite natural to us all. He was not there; then He was there.

Our gallery was far away; I could only dimly see the figure, and catch echoes of His voice. Both figure and voice were quite familiar: I felt that I should have recognised Him anywhere.

The Conference went on, but I knew nothing about it. I question whether any of us heard any human voice. My next conscious moment was when one of the speakers from our platform stood below the gallery to speak with me.

'A wonderful gathering, is it not?' he remarked. 'Yes,' I replied, 'wonderful, and is it not great to have Him with us?' 'It is,' he said. 'Of course, we could never have brought together such a multitude if He had not consented to be at the Conference, but, you know, Miss Small, there is this about it: His being with us and presiding over us to-day commits us to His methods.'—ANNIE SMALL (*Letters to Missionary Friends*).

AMONG the social movements which I have helped to inaugurate in seeking to carry out the aim of our

Association and bring its influence within the reach of all, that of Camps for Girls has spread most rapidly. Camps are now a recognised feature of Y.W.C.A. work in almost every land, and other organisations have paid us the compliment of following suit. Those who have attended them know that there is something peculiarly attractive about such a camp, which brings a lasting fellowship not broken by separation or time. I think I can claim to have been in more camps than any other person of whom I know. I was at the first ever held in the Association, having thought out each detail, and have since been to many in this country and in India, to summer schools conducted like camps in the United States, and recently to a camp in Portugal. Everywhere I have observed the same results: all barriers, whether social, ecclesiastical or racial, real or artificial, are broken down in the prevailing atmosphere of friendliness and fellowship. The camp spirit is indeed a unique thing.

The first camp we held was for girls of leisure. Derbyshire, with its beautiful hills and romantic rivers, was chosen as the place of meeting. Old Dr. Grattan Guinness entered into the spirit of our new venture and put his house, Cliff College, Baslow, at our disposal for a small rental, and we set to work to organise an indoor camp, as mothers, who had more to say to their daughters' engagements in 1901 than to-day, entered a protest against camping under canvas out of doors.

Stores were laid in and a house-mother chosen, officers for sports, music, excursions, etc., appointed, and ten never-to-be-forgotten happy days were spent in this pioneer camp. We kept to the idea of a simple life, living out of doors as much as possible, and we brought little luggage. Bathing, boating, cycling, rambles on the moors, and moonlight walks, provided recreation on fine days, and indoor sports were arranged on wet ones. Lectures and talks on social,

industrial, missionary and educational subjects were very popular. All agreed that it should not be the last camp, and thus the movement had its start. The girls who went were leisured girls, and the aim of the camp was to lead them to care for others and share their advantages with them. The profits made after careful management were given to help poorer girls to have a holiday.

A similar camp was held the succeeding year followed by a summer school, which differed from a camp in that there were fixed hours for study, and older people and secretaries attended.

In this connection I must mention the first summer school at Eastnor Castle, lent by Lady Henry Somerset, which was our first attempt to bring secretaries together for study and training combined with recreation. It was a never-to-be-forgotten time.

Later the two Y.W.C.A. Departments, Time and Talents and Guild of Helpers, took up these camps, and the first Guild Camp, with Lilian Duff as head, was held in 1904, followed by one each year until 1914 Different places were chosen—Christchurch, Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford (which became the most popular place), and so great was the interest that often girls could not wait for the summer to come, and in the spring long week-end gatherings were held; those at Hastings and Holmbury St. Mary were most memorable; with Kathleen Denny as a popular officer.

Our programme was educational in the widest sense. As in every work in which I feel fully at home, I consider that no camp is complete unless it ministers to the whole, including the religious side, of a girl's nature. This was the reason why we chose our officers carefully among girls who knew for themselves what Christ can be to a human soul. When I look back to these camps, I am never sure who gained most in this deepest way—the officers, who, animated by this spirit, were looking out all the year round in the

midst of social life and amusements for new campers to draw them into the net, and during the week or ten days at the time shared to the full their joy and knowledge with others, or the campers themselves, who came into a new atmosphere of fellowship and happiness, and left, many of them to take up their share of service at home or abroad. The Rev. Tissington Tatlow was often a valued chaplain, and Mrs. Tatlow, as Emily Scott, became the first Guild secretary.

Guild girls gradually realised that camping might become a selfish occupation if confined to themselves, and set about to organise cheaper camps within the reach of all classes. In 1912 and 1913 ideal camps were held at The Hayes, Swanwick, with Lady Procter and Mrs. Wood, and, next, Mrs. Oatts and myself as house-mothers. These were for girls of all classes and occupations. Nineteen officers were responsible for the happiness of groups of from fourteen to eighteen campers—an ideal arrangement for harmony and fellowship. In 1914 a third camp of this kind was arranged, but at the outbreak of war, owing to the Government's request that travelling was to be avoided, it was postponed.

When camps were resumed in 1917, a big national scheme was provided by the Camps and Conferences Department, and the hope of securing some permanent camping estates by the sea, as they have in the United States by their great lakes, was entertained. It is essential for holiday camps for working girls to be at the sea since so many of them still have only one week's holiday in the year.

The movement grew, and in the summer of 1918 over 6,000 girls were provided for. Several were 'under canvas' camps, and perhaps no one knows the real joy of camping except under these circumstances. However, wet weeks, gales at night, the expense involved, and, above all, conventional ideas,

have damped the enthusiasm for out-of-door camps, and it remains for a more sporting generation to reintroduce them.

For some years—from 1917 to 1922—through the generosity of a Scot, we enjoyed a camping estate on the Surrey hills, which, given for the working girls of London, proved a source of lasting benefit to hundreds. Except at holiday times, which were reserved for girls, every kind of camp and conference could be held there. But our post-war income did not keep up with our needs; we had no money to renew the furniture or to keep up the garden, and eventually we had with reluctance to sell the house and property of High Ashurst, Dorking. We greatly need a similar gift by the sea, knowing that we could fill this all the year round, and so make it self-supporting.

It is one of the joys of the camp movement that other nations have, one after another, adopted this method of fellowship and fun which we had developed. The habit of asking 'foreigners' and visitors from overseas to our camps was general, and when these visitors returned to their homes, they were the means of starting camps in their own country.

The first international camp for girls was held in 1914 at Stockholm, and gave an impetus which still goes on. It was an entirely new experience to everyone who was present, and the friendship and fellowship created between girls who could understand little of each other's language was truly remarkable. Annette Tritton, the daughter of our first World's Y.W.C.A. President, was the moving spirit in that camp, and the happiness and influence of those days was carried over into the World's Y.W.C.A. meeting in Stockholm immediately afterwards, and helped much to give a spirit of unity to that great international gathering.

A few weeks later the nations represented at that

conference were separated by war, and it was of course impossible to hold any further international camps until 1918. Since the termination of the war the number of international camps and conferences has greatly increased, and it is seldom, if ever, that a British camp meets without visitors from other countries. In Europe to-day such camps are doing more than can be estimated to heal the wounds of war and bring about understanding between young people of different nationalities. East and West meet happily in such camps. Not seldom light and inspiration have come, humanly speaking, through a group of Oriental girls—it may be Chinese, or, perhaps, Indian.

I could not fail to have a hand in inaugurating camps in India, and we decided to make an experiment at Lanowli with Agnes Hill. The Y.W.C.A. in India had been forced to neglect the Indian element in the girl population owing to the urgent needs of the Anglo-Indian community, and few Indian girls were ready by this time for so free a life; but we were determined to give those who could come an opportunity of sharing the joys of a camp holiday. We went to some schools in Poona and persuaded the teachers to let their girls come, under promise that we should at meal times have an Indian table. But lest they should think that we could not sit with them, we sat at table together, and my sister and I ate Indian food as a token of complete fellowship. We also had to share our bedding. I remember the horror of my faithful Indian servant when we took our 'resai' (a thin mattress) off the 'charpoi,' and placed it in the verandah where our girls were to sleep, and told him just to put the sheets on the 'charpoi.' In the heat of an Indian climate little is wanted beyond protection from snakes and creeping things.

That we were on the right lines we knew from the remarks the Anglo-Indian girls made at the close of

this camp : ' We did not know that Indian girls were so like ourselves.'

But there was a deeper joy still in the spiritual progress that many made at that camp. As a result, one member suffered much persecution, as she was a teacher in a non-Christian school, but God honoured her confession, and to-day I have a letter from her saying she has been sent for the second time to England with a Government scholarship.

The second camp I attended was in the Nilgiri Hills. ' Teddy Bears ' were the fashion at that time, and I took my ' Teddy,' which much amused the campers. That night, however, we found the footprints of real bears not far from our bungalow.

Camps in India have increased in number every year, and through the energy of that wonderful American woman, Elizabeth Wilson, in whose company no one can ever be dull, and through the generosity of her friends in the States, a beautiful house, Grace Cottage, has been rented in Ootacamund for five years, where camps and summer schools are held for the whole hot season. You could hear nine languages of India spoken at one time in the house. The same plan of having two tables—one of Indian and the other of English food—is carried out as at the first camp. Needless to say, having grown accustomed to Indian dishes, I chose the Indian table when I was there three years ago. A signal feature of the Indian Jubilee Celebrations (1925) is the number of camps in hill stations and elsewhere.

The last camp I visited was one arranged in Portugal by Baroness Olga Meyendorff, Travelling Secretary of the World's Y.W.C.A. The upper story of a farmhouse was rented, and I became ' Granny ' to the camp. We owe this advance to the faithful work of Mr. and the Misses Cassels, who have done so much for Portugal. I taught the Portuguese campers the camp fashion of sitting on the ground, to drink tea

at five o'clock, and to have an open air Bible Circle. My grandchildren wrote to me :

'Quinta do Murataris,
'Olivais,
'Portugal.

'Dear Miss Kinnaird, good Granny of the Y.W.C.A.,

'In the name of the campers of Olivais, I am writing to thank you for remembering us all so faithfully ! Our camp is drawing to its close now. I hope what you say will be true of us all—that a camper must be better for a camp, that she must have a new spirit of comradeship and be ready to help everyone. We know that it is the highest ideal. I hope that we shall try very hard.'

We live in a selfish, individualistic age. Camp is a great corrective, for there we live together, play together, seek together, pray together : 'one for the other' is the motto. Those who live a city life need refreshment and reinvigoration for body and mind and spirit. These three sides of human nature react on each other, and often, when the need of one or the other is overlooked, a holiday does not have the lasting effect it should.

Camps are not confined to summer-time. An Easter camp for sight-seeing in London was a great success last year, as was also a camp for the lonely at Christmas. Sometimes camps are arranged for special purposes and groups of people—*e.g.*, a Music camp, a Girl Guide camp, an Overseas one. Mrs. Tritton, who was often a popular Camp-mother, also brought her daughters, and I took my niece, Frieda Jones, with other cousins, and we both felt the wonderful addition it was to home influence. Indeed, we sometimes feel that with so much experience gained by our leaders, we might offer to run a camp for young curates.

CHAPTER XX

AT WAR

VOX CLAMANTIS.

(*Song of the Munition Worker.*)

'Rattle and clatter and clank and whirr.'
And it's long and long the day is.
From earliest morn to late at night,
And all night long, the self-same song—
'Rattle and clank and whirr.'
Day in, day out, all day, all night—
'Rattle and clank and whirr';
We may not stop and we dare not err;
Our men are risking their lives out there,
And we at home must do our share—
But it's long and long the day is.

JOHN OXENHAM.

THE hope so freely expressed in August, 1914, that war would terminate in a few months was destined to be shattered; instead, the war, with all its disastrous effects on the internal life and affairs of the country, lasted for five years. In the same way the hope that victory would end war, and that its disintegrating effects on commerce and international relationships would be speedily overcome, is still, after six years, deferred. Why are we so slow to learn that the seeds of hate, rapine and murder can have no other fruit than distrust, dislike and war? We are no less slow in giving ourselves to the task of bringing the world to an international mind, and grafting into the minds of the younger generation the idea that the settlement of disputes among nations can be effected in the same way as made possible the abolition of duelling between individuals—namely, by arbitration and mutual consideration. The millionaire, the monopolist, the self-seeking man, absorbed in the acquisition of wealth,

do not give themselves time to think, but if they did, they would see the futility as well as the wickedness of war, and come to the conclusion, so ably put by Norman Angell at the Dundee Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, that the victor loses as much as the vanquished, and that in war, as it is now carried on, upsetting both the production and the commerce of the world and affecting neutral and belligerent nations alike, there is nothing but loss and disaster to individuals, to families, to nations and to the world.

I was looked on as unpatriotic during the war, because I expressed these views and desired a cessation of hostilities without a so-called victory, so as to avoid leaving seeds of hate and revenge in the hearts of the vanquished nations which would prepare for another war. I saw the futility of the saying, 'A war to end war,' unless indeed a new spirit could be induced; and, though I admired as much as anyone the heroism of our boys, I could not view as necessary the wholesale massacres by the machine-gun.

The first effect of the war was moral chaos; the next, religious doubt; the third, physical ills. All these are still apparent, as is shown by the increase in the number of divorces, the decrease in Church attendance, the lack of stamina in young people, and the confusion of moral issues in men's minds. This is not surprising, for when there are different standards for national life and for personal life, what else can we expect? In religious matters it seemed at first as though an impression were made on many, but it proved to be more emotional than real. When sermons were preached calling on a God of war, when army banners were blessed in churches, when at Divine worship appeals were made for enlistment, when obsolete prayers were unintelligently used and even hate was advocated, sensitive consciences revolted against such perversion of the righteousness which

is the foundation of true religion. And when even enlightened Christians could advocate war because the Old Testament contains records of war and because prophecy speaks of war, one could not be surprised if the Bible itself was neglected, and many, of whom I was one, felt for a time that its reading was almost out of place. There was nothing therefore to do but to try and live in the true spirit of religion and to study the teachings of Jesus, which are even now so imperfectly understood. Faith had to cling year after year under misgivings and misconceptions to the great words, 'Peace on earth to men of goodwill,' and bear with misunderstanding and misinterpretations. The Society of Friends rendered a great national service by publishing a wonderful Memorandum in *The Times* in the first days of the war, calling attention to this great principle which was contradicted by everything that was happening.

All through the war there was much for the Y.W.C.A. to do to meet the new and terrible needs that had arisen, and none of us will ever forget those early days when girls of many nationalities flocked to headquarters for help and advice. The Home Office, which was besieged by anxious girls, was thankful to turn all comers on to the Y.W.C.A. and to make use of our printed international information. The Foreign Office, now that there were no Ambassadors of the belligerent countries, turned to the American Ambassador, still a neutral, to help with the repatriation of foreign women in this country. Anxious girls thronged the Embassy in Carlton House Terrace, and many were sent to our Emergency Committee to help. We realised then that the special effort we had made in the years before to make the Y.W.C.A. known all over the Continent had not failed; nearly every foreign girl seeking employment had heard of the Association as the place where girls would find friends and advice.

With the mobilisation of the armies and their push

for the Front, it became every day more difficult for non-combatants to travel, and many an awkward situation had to be confronted. In one office there would be an Austrian and a French woman waiting together, or a group of German girls would encounter a group of Belgian girls with this new and unknown feeling of fear and hate. Many an English girl was detained in Germany or had great difficulty in getting home, so there was need for mutual sympathy. A German fellow-member told me long after that she had shown kindness to our British prisoners in token of gratitude for what we had done for their girls. Thus we found all through the war that the link of Christian sympathy could not be broken. The Church of God, the building up of which is the aim of the Y.W.C.A., unites all races in a bond which neither war nor hate can destroy. We remained a united World's Y.W.C.A. all through the war, the neutral nations serving as our medium of communication.

Another work of the Emergency Committee was the provision of employment for working girls who were thrown out of work through the declaration of war. Many workers returned from their holidays only to find that their firms were closing down, and we kept Morley Hall open all day providing refreshments and answering numerous inquiries. Soon every borough in London formed a committee to start relief work-rooms. On a large number of these the Y.W.C.A. was represented, and we opened one ourselves in Morley Hall, co-operating with local relief work-rooms. The fear of widespread unemployment as a consequence of war weighed heavily on all minds, but it was soon found that the opposite was the case, and work became abundant. This has resulted, unfortunately, in a tendency to dispose an unthinking public in favour of war, since many received better wages during the war than they had ever done before.

The next call for service came from the Belgian

refugees, who fled in their thousands each week to Great Britain and were accommodated in the grounds of the Earl's Court Exhibition, Kensington. The Government authorities asked us to run a club for the girls in this camp. Sometimes, in the course of one week, as many as three or four thousand refugees would arrive; we gathered the girls together and set up Y.W.C.A. work in a large hall allotted to us. The Belgian Minister's wife and the Belgian priest co-operated with us, and among our own workers Annette Tritton and Dorothy Don devoted themselves to this work for all the years of the war. As a direct result similar clubs are to be found in Brussels to-day and in other Belgian towns.

Recruiting went on apace with the result that great camps were formed at the Crystal Palace, on Salisbury Plain, Newhaven, Ripon, Wimbledon, and in dozens of places, with the unlooked-for but natural result that girls gathered around them in hundreds and thousands, and the excitement was intense. I remember well in Bedford, an educational centre, where Scottish soldiers had never been seen before, the "Kilties" caused great excitement and were much admired. In London, Trafalgar Square had the appearance day and night of a huge party, a place of introductions and meetings between young men and maidens. The Y.W.C.A. saw the urgent need for some sort of friendly guidance for these young people, and asked to be allowed to run a hut in the Square opposite Charing Cross. The authorities could not refuse the site for such a purpose, and the Hut was duly installed, being generously supplied and erected by Messrs. Humphrey. Here I spent many hours, day and night First lent for ten days only for our Finance Campaign, we asked afterwards for an extension of time, as, with the acquisition of a house in the Strand for lodgings, we needed a centre for the constant stream of workers required for that neighbour-

hood. The authorities eventually allowed the hut to stand until all wooden huts in London were condemned as unsafe.

Princes Street, Edinburgh, presented a similar scene, and many will thank God through eternity that the Green Café on the Bridge was turned into a Blue Triangle Club; the Sundays spent in it could never be forgotten.

Our War Emergency Committee, better known as the Military Centres Committee, set itself at once to make a continual visitation of each of these military centres to secure help in the neighbourhood and to start war-time clubs, so that the Blue Triangle became known in, or near, almost every military centre. These Blue Triangle Clubs extended as far as the Eastern theatre of war—Amara, Basra, Baghdad—and Admiralty House, Bombay, was put at our disposal for the same purpose.

The war had a distressing effect on some of the existing Association branches, revealing the fact that some of the workers, unlike the early founders in their love and care for girls, had ceased to feel responsible for the girls outside, and were concerned only with those inside their membership. On the outbreak of the war a few even closed their buildings, some proved incapable of adapting their work to the changed conditions, and others, like the 'flappers' themselves whom they condemned, were, in their turn, more willing to give time and service to soldiers than to the girls whom they found wayward and flippant.

It was never quite so easy for us as for the Y.M.C.A. to get voluntary service, but as our work developed, our clubs and canteens attracted hundreds of voluntary workers, many of whom have remained interested in the Association ever since.

The Blue Triangle sign was soon seen on houses in Park Lane, Grosvenor Square, the Strand, Trafalgar Square, at railway stations, in military camps and

arsenals. Lord Brassey, who lent his house in Park Lane for our office, said: 'I was never more proud of my house than when I saw the Blue Triangle over it'; and one often heard people remark: 'I see the Blue Triangle everywhere.'

Following on the need of clubs in military centres, of which we started fifty-seven in the first year, and more than one hundred before the war was over, came the need for canteens in munition factories, and here there opened up a great field of social service. As the flower of our nation was being shot down, and men were called to leave their clerks' stools and office desks, their places had to be taken by women; and when the munition works were started, notably at Woolwich and Gretna Green and at Hayes in Essex, then the girls of our nation rose 'as one' to serve their country. Mr. Lloyd George, then Minister of Munitions, knew from experience of the working classes that good work could not be done without good food, that to eat your food in poisonous surroundings was fatal to health, and that 'overtime' calls for an extra meal; so he frequently applied to the Y.W.C.A. to supply canteens in or near munition factories. I remember vividly such an invitation when the first munition factory was erected 'somewhere in Essex,' for secrecy was necessary. Mrs. Piercy and Lady Procter at once resolved to serve this new type of worker; the second of five war committees, the Munition Workers' Committee, was formed.

Be it noted here that it was the ready response of girls to this demand; it was their brave conduct under the shell and shrapnel of Zeppelins; it was their skill and constancy that won for women a new place in the appreciation of the nation. It was no longer something less good to be a woman; it was no longer considered ridiculous to give equal wages for equal work, a principle which some of us had long advocated and fought for; it was no longer possible to let women shift

for themselves at the dinner hour, and the public supported the Y.W.C.A. equally with the Y.M.C.A. in its efforts to provide healthy meals, decently served and properly cooked. Tea and buns, which had been the dinner of many working girls, was no longer looked on as sufficient; meals were served all day and night (the embargo on night work for women having been removed), and many a midnight dish of 'Two Zepps and a Cloud,' as sausage and mash was familiarly called, was served to girls. In the factories they worked long and hard at shell-filling, sometimes at a table from which, if a tiny bolt rolled off and fired, the whole hut with its ten workers would be blown up. At night, when the Zeppelin raids were hourly expected, the girls would say to the Y.W.C.A. leader, 'It is good just to see you walk round, it gives us courage, when any moment a bomb may fall and blow us up.' It was not surprising they valued such visits of cheer and comfort.

Two places will always be associated with this service rendered by the girls of Great Britain to their country. Woolwich, with all the banks of the river up to Dartford; and Gretna Green, that huge wooden township which sprang up from the tiny village, where English wanting to marry according to the simple old Scottish law could plight their troth. The Y.W.C.A. had two huts there, provided by the efforts of the Scottish Division.

When one remembers the infernal dangers to which they were exposed in that work, so that on entering a factory enclosure you had to take off your shoes lest a nail in the sole should start a flame, is it to be wondered at that, after years of such unnatural strain, girls should want to have their fling, and dance and smoke without restraint? 'I call my life Plumstead; bedstead—bedstead; Plumstead; and then Plumstead —bedstead again,' said a girl, as she sat in one of our huts for a little change of atmosphere. On many a

night at Gretna this song was heard coming out of the darkness :

Give honour to the Gretna girls,
Give honour where honour is due,
Don't forget the Gretna girls
Who are doing their duty for you.

And when they are in the factory
Midst the cordite and the smell,
We'll give three cheers for the Gretna girls
And the others can come as well.

Come boys and do your little bit,
We'll meet you by-and-by.
Every girl in the fighting line
Is willing to do or die.

Many of the leading Scottish firms had been turned into munition factories or into offices doing Government work, and the employers showed great sympathy with their young employees, and were always ready to help. We formed an influential committee; the Duke of Hamilton lent us his palace for our office; I visited all the Lord Provosts in the autumn of 1915, and our Finance Campaign in Scotland brought in £23,000.

Mrs. Alan Burns and Jean M'Ewan took over responsibility, and I had to return to London, as I was on all the War Committees (except Land Girls), and therefore partly responsible for raising funds. I found much help from my Guild girls, and my niece, Olivia Rathborne, often undertook special stunts. Then, as always, I liked best to work with Amy Snelson, who has done more than anyone in finance administration.

CHAPTER XXI

THE WOMEN'S ARMY

'Rattle and clatter and clank and whirr,'
And thousands of wheels a-spinning—
Spinning Death for the men of wrath,
Spinning Death for the broken troth,
—And Life, and a New Beginning.
Was there ever, since ever the world was made,
Such a horrible trade for a peace-loving maid,
And such wonderful, terrible spinning?
But none of us all will fail or shirk—
Not women's work—that should make, not mar,
But the Devil drives when the world's at war—
And it's long and long the day is.

JOHN OXENHAM.

In the first year of the war the attention of all had been directed to providing comforts for the man at the Front, and every woman went about with a comforter or a stocking in her hand, and almost slept knitting. Parcels of food and clothing were continually sent out, supplies for prisoners of war were organised, and people gladly lent their houses for depôts. If you wanted to find anyone at home in the West End you had to call at nine a.m., otherwise the whole family was out at work.

Another interesting effect was the relinquishing of class distinctions. A duchess would gladly sweep the floor for a 'Tommy' and her motor-car would be at his disposal; the landlord fought with his youngest farm servant in the trench, and on the battlefield social distinction gave place to brotherhood. Why have we set up again the old barriers which divide class and occupation? Why do we sanction such lines as:

The rich man in his castle
The poor man at his gate
God made them, high or lowly,
And order'd their estate.

Why do we allow such words to be sung in our schools?

As the war went on the brunt of the work at home fell on women, and thus the Y.W.C.A. was given a new place in the thought of the community.

It became necessary for us to organise our Association service more vigorously, and we met frequently to think out how this could be done. Our workers were coming in constant contact with those of the Y.M.C.A., and there was a joint office and a joint committee in Bruton Street. The question of a still closer co-operation arose, and eventually six business men and six Y.W.C.A. leaders were appointed to concert measures and to see if it was necessary to have two distinct organisations. In many ways the union of these two Societies would have been good. The Y.M.C.A. were making similar, but, of course, larger, efforts. Their idea of uniting was on the basis of income, and as their expenditure for work among soldiers was necessarily much larger than ours, this would have put us in a wrong position. We felt we could only join on the basis of the equal importance of men and women, which they did not seem to recognise. This led us to abandon the scheme of union, though we continued in co-operation. Where there were more men than women employed in a centre, they organised canteens; where more women, we did so, and, in each case, both men and women were admitted to the huts.

We women therefore had to raise the necessary funds for continuing separate work.

The house in Bruton Street, from which we carried on the joint work, was the second of a number of houses that were lent to us in the West End of London during the war, the first having been that of Mr. and Mrs. G. Turner in Park Lane.

Our next move was to Dudley House, Park Lane, from which place a number of drawing-room meetings

were arranged and much money collected. We reckoned on receiving £200 to £300 from every meeting, or the gift of a hut either at home or in France, which meant £500 or £600. From here we moved to Mr. and Mrs. Cazalet's house, 19, Grosvenor Square, with Miss Heygate as Secretary, and this continued to be our Finance Office for the collection of funds until the war was ended and demobilisation completed. Lord Brassey's house in Park Lane was the office for the women's services, until we moved to Hill Street. The last private house lent to us was that of the Marquess of Zetland, 19, Arlington Street, S.W., for the West of London Finance Campaign.

The next great step in the service that women rendered in the war was the formation of the Women's Army. It became necessary to have women not only at the home base, but at the various bases in France; and the Y.M.C.A. suggested to the War Office that the Y.W.C.A. should do for the women at the Front what they were doing for the men. Thus we were brought into closer contact with the War Office.

It has always seemed to me a remarkable fact that the three Societies to which Government entrusted work at the battle-lines were three of the most distinctively religious Societies—the Church Army, the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A.—Societies which put evangelistic work in the forefront of all their activities, and desired through all the service rendered by them to interpret Jesus Christ to all whom they came in contact with. Thus a silent witness came to be borne to practical Christianity, and confidence demonstrated in the interdenominational expression of religion. Other bodies, such as the Salvation Army and the Church of Scotland, were allowed occasionally to have huts in France, but all private ventures were gradually shifted from the Front. When the United States of America came into the war, their Government went a step further; they gave the whole commissariat for the

army to the Y.M.C.A., and to the Y.W.C.A. the charge of the nurses and the few women clerks who went to the Front. The value of our work was soon recognised by the French Government, who asked America to start Blue Triangle Clubs in their Government offices and enclosures.

The headquarters of the Women's Army, known later as Queen Mary's Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, and signalised by the letters W.A.A.C., was Connaught House, Seymour Street, and from the outset the Y.W.C.A. was invited to do what it could for the girls in their new position. It was difficult, owing to want of accommodation, to have a properly organised Club at these headquarters, but every Sunday evening my sister and I, with some friends, went into the Women's Barracks and tried to bring a remembrance of Sunday and home to the constantly changing number of girls who had been enlisted in every part of the country. At one time it would be a group of Scottish girls, at another time a group from the Welsh mountains, again the Lancashire tongue would predominate, followed by the softer tones of the South. A great variety of girls came to be enlisted owing to the varied occupations for which women were required at the Front and in camps—cooks and bakers, clerks and telegraphists, typists, and household workers.

No preaching of sermons would have been of any use in that mixed community; few cared to come to religious services, and the Government policy of non-interference with people's religious opinions made it difficult to organise proper Y.W.C.A. work. Once a fortnight the girls marched to Morley Hall for a social, on the invitation of Lady Jellicoe, Lady Maclay, Mrs. Astor, Mrs. R. Arbuthnot, and others, and their march in and out roused considerable interest in the street.

On Sunday evenings we were given the use of one

of the common rooms, and arranging forms and chairs, which were limited in number, round the piano, we sang hymns, made friends, and gave little talks just before the official 'prayers,' which were not started till later in the year. In the next room there was dancing and talking, and there was much coming and going, so the meetings had to be of an informal nature. A letter from a girl of the first group to go to France, who had decided to serve Christ in one of our camps, touched me much: 'I am proud to be one of the first to come out here, and shall try to set the pace for other British girls who follow out.' This girl afterwards returned to her business house and is now a Club Leader. 'Where should we girls be but for the Blue Triangle?' was asked in many a letter. Not girls alone, but men also felt the influence of our huts. One day after I had been preaching in one of the West End Churches on 'Christ and our girls at the Front,' an officer, whose path just crossed mine for a moment, grasped my hand and said: 'I was thankful for your prayer room and your hut. I used to go in for quiet prayer. I thank God for it. . . . Have you got a larger place yet? You need it,' and he disappeared. The Blue Triangle meant prayer and quiet to many beside this officer.

As soon as the Women's Corps were mobilised, Ethel Knight took the command of Y.W.C.A. work in France, with Evelyn Moore as Secretary of the W.A.A.C. Committee at home, and Lady Procter as Chairman of the W.A.A.C. Committee. The first hut was opened in Abbeville on June 1, 1917, and, in all, some twenty-three huts were put up as near the fighting-line as was found needful. For three weeks Ethel Knight and her co-workers at Abbeville had to sleep out in the fields, as it was thought safer to be away from the camp which formed a target for bombs. On one occasion she returned to find the Y.W.C.A. hut with its piano and crockery in atoms, and the place where

the girls would have slept in ashes. She recounts one sad occasion, when twenty-three W.A.A.C.'s gave up their lives. They had, as was the custom in our huts, welcomed a number of men from the trenches one morning, and in the evening these same men carried the brave girls to their burial. Like munition girls at home, they refused to leave their posts at the bakery or at the signal-box lest their absence should cause suffering to their brother-soldiers.

Service girls made much use of the little hut in Trafalgar Square, which was kept open night and day, and during the moving of the troops, when tens of thousands of men hung round Charing Cross, their women-folk who came to meet them or see them off at all hours made use of the hut. One constantly heard the remark : ' I have been walking up and down looking for the Blue Triangle, because I knew I could get a good cup of tea and find a friend ' ; ' My best girl will sit there until I have been to report, and I know she will be safe.'

Another hut which rendered similar service was the Edward Stern hut on ground lent by the Trades Union's Headquarters in Euston Road, and here we met the call for a new kind of service. Round about the three railway stations from the North in this neighbourhood hung girls and boys in their thousands. Many mothers came on the sad task of paying a last visit to wounded sons, often arriving in the middle of the night without a friend in London. One morning, after a visit of inspection, I arrived back at three a.m. with a girl who was coming to London for work and a woman on her way to look for a friend. Even at that early hour we found other travellers at breakfast, two young girls going to the stage in Paris, and W.A.A.C.'s, and girls seeking work. The fourteen beds we had in the Euston hut were, as usual, more than full, the extra girls putting up in deck-chairs about the room.

We were called on to render this kind of service in other places as well. The committee opened hostels at Blackheath, Netley and Fargo for relatives who came to visit wounded men in hospital, and one in Brunswick Square for wives or brides of prisoners of war on their way to meet their husbands in Switzerland.

In course of time women took the place of men in the Army Pay Department, and calls came for canteens for them. Later from the Pensions Office came the same request. The numbers employed grew until at last thousands of girls were found handling pensions for the millions of relatives of our killed and wounded men. A colonel once asked our advice about some of his clerks who fainted regularly at eleven o'clock. The Association soon discovered that many of the girls had to leave home at five or six a.m., walk a long distance to catch a train, and wait about at a cold junction for a cross-train, having had no time to get a meal before they started, nor had they time for a meal before they began work. Arrangements for the Y.W.C.A. canteen to supply hot milk soon set matters right, and the mothers of the village thanked the Y.W.C.A. as they saw the change in the faces of the girls.

Another unfamiliar sight that was seen in London and all large towns was the girl bus conductor. 'It seems to lower our sense of self-respect to be shoved about and to shove other people,' was the feeling of many a girl, for the pressure on buses was even worse then than it is at present on a wet day! There was no resting-place for women at the stopping-places, so we visited the General Manager of the London General Omnibus Company to represent to him this need. The Borough Council of Hammersmith gave us an open space, and in the 'Bradley Martin Hut' girls found daily food and rest. Girl ticket-collectors and booking-clerks as well as carriage-cleaners became

quite common, and many of them used the Y.W.C.A. rest rooms.

The last two years of the war saw the women of England boldly grappling with a new problem—that of increasing food production; for this purpose girls were enlisted in a Land Army, and twenty-nine centres were started by the Y.W.C.A. for the girls of this new army. In some cases, these were only small hostels; in others, clubs. Temporary camps for flax-pullers were also organised, and Y.W.C.A. secretaries took charge.

The last piece of war service which the Y.W.C.A. organised was a club in Paris for the clerks engaged at the Hotel Majestic at the Peace Conference, and the beautiful club in the Avenue Hoche was much appreciated by men as well as girls. Owing to the fact that they were on a smaller scale than the W.A.A.C.'s, the W.R.N.S.'s and the W.R.A.F.'s did not need our services so much, but for women officers and other educated war-workers, we organised the Blue Triangle Club in 12, Grosvenor Place, S.W., now known as the Portsmouth Club, with its membership of nearly a thousand.

It was with a deep sense of joy that we closed the War Department, and we were glad that our W.A.A.C.'s were never called, like those of Poland, to bear a musket or a bayonet. Even munition work, we feel, is not suitable work for women.

I never had any desire to visit France either during or after the war, though had I been younger, I should have gone as leader in a hut. To go for anything like sight-seeing was too painful for me to contemplate, and I was always sorry to hear of people doing it; it seemed to me little short of sacrilege. It was sad enough at our railway stations to see the leave-takings, as I did more than once when I went to see off my favourite nephews, Arthur Kinnaird and Mervyn Jones. Out of seven nephews who went to the war

only three have been spared to us, Charles Jones and Kenneth and Patrick Kinnaird, and two of these three are permanently maimed.

I have the same feeling about seeing a war memorial in a church. War is alien to Christianity in its truest conception, and therefore any war memorial is, to my mind, out of place in a house of Christian worship. I remember the shock it gave me when an Indian Christian said to me, 'Do you expect me to worship in Bombay Cathedral? Every monument on the wall is in memory of someone who has shot some of my fellow-countrymen!' I realised, as never before, the other side of India's story, and what a disastrous effect the European War must have upon all missionary work in the East.

I have still a strange feeling of sorrow over the loss of sympathy with pacifist work which has followed the close of hostilities and the kind of hopeless fatalism that war is inevitable. Men of great brain, like Lord Balfour, whom we knew as 'Arthur,' my brother's companion at Cambridge, and in 'Rob Roy' canoeing, might lead in peace campaigns—but do they speak? It is a joy to hear Lord Cecil and a few others on possibilities of a humane way of settling disputes.

CHAPTER XXII

INDIA AGAIN

Much good is done by persons of great energy, but as much by persons of sweet will. For energy is in danger of provoking opposition uncalled for, but gentleness wins upon its object unawares. —R. BARBOUR.

The only spiritual dynamic is the Living Spirit of the Crucified and Living Christ Himself. The whole world is awaiting the release of vital force through human personalities vitalised by the Holy Spirit, and witnessing a new power to the Cross of Christ as a central fact of faith and life.

We submit that the spiritual dynamic for such a compelling witness is in the good purpose of God always available. But there is nothing in the Bible or in the experience of the Church to suggest that it is available cheaply. Each marked release of the Holy Spirit of God in human lives must be at the cost of definite surrender and prayer.—*Finding of Jerusalem Conference, April*, 1924.

WHEN in 1920 the Indian Y.M.C.A. secured the New Zealand war hut near Russell Square for an Indian hostel, manned, financed, and managed by Indian secretaries, my sister Gertrude and I found in it opportunities of strengthening our friendship with the sons of India. Every Sunday afternoon we continued to visit the hostel, where we had been warmly welcomed by Mr. Chatterjee and Mr. Balasundaram, the first Indian Y.M.C.A. secretaries in London, to join in the social hour of tea and to listen to interesting lectures and then make friends with Indian students who came to London in increasing numbers. When these secretaries were succeeded by Mr. Runganadhan and Mr. Aiman we continued to visit the hostel. This friendship became so real that it became a joke among my friends, who said that whenever they met a group of Indians in a street or at a gathering they expected to find me in their midst. We discussed frankly all

questions concerning India, we met leaders of the National Movement and got to know their point of view. Far from viewing the Shakespeare Hut, as it was called, with disfavour or suspicion, many Government officials pay visits and address meetings, with a view to promote a free expression and exchange of opinion among young men of all shades of political and religious feeling who visit this country.

The friendships thus formed in London prompted us to visit India for the fourth time (1921-22) with a view to get into closer touch with its people. This was the year when the Prince of Wales was on his tour in India, but we carefully avoided the places which he visited, since our object was to get into touch with Indian social life and not to witness grand 'tamashas.' It was comforting to observe that by this time the Y.W.C.A. had formed sufficient links to enable it to get from the British community the sympathy needed. Our secretaries are looked on as friends. There is, however, too much separation still of the European from the educated Indian community. The civil servants are endeavouring to carry out the instructions of the Government to be in friendly and not merely official relations with their Indian fellow-civilians; but I was rather ashamed of the attitude of British women and of their ignorance of educated Indians who have a more real culture than our own. The language difficulty has been urged as the excuse, but now that seven millions of people know English and women have begun to learn it also, this, like many other excuses, is out of date.

Though I offered some of my time to the Y.W.C.A., the main purpose of my visit was to avail myself of the many invitations I had received from friends in the hut in London to their homes in India. I was a guest in eighteen Indian homes, Hindu and Christian, from the great purdah house in the city to the little house in the village street. This gave me oppor-

tunities of hearing at first hand stories of the disabilities of Indians in contravention of the spirit of Queen Victoria's proclamation of 1858. I found how deep was the wound in the heart of the people of India which the Amritsar affair and the continuation of the Rowlatt Acts and other repressive measures had made. Often as I sat in a guest room talking, or saw elsewhere with my own eyes the treatment given to Indians, I confess my blood boiled. It was not here or there; it was everywhere. At least twice a week during my whole stay something was said, something occurred, which I knew must hurt, even though the speaker might not have meant it to hurt.

At the same time I found what tremendous strides higher education had made in the interval between my last visit and the present. There were now seven million educated Indians. Instead of the few women students I knew thirty years ago there were hundreds in many schools and colleges. There is a women's university in Poona and women's colleges in Bengal, Madras, Lucknow and Lahore, the Kinnaird Christian College in Lahore, developed from the Kinnaird School there bearing our name. Girls' schools are inspected by woman inspectors, many of whom are Christians because the Christian community is the best educated and its women willing to travel about freely. Some of my great friends are inspectresses of schools, and I had once in Calcutta the pleasure of meeting a group of inspectresses called together by their head inspectress, and admired their pluck and energy. In Delhi I met the students of the Lady Hardinge Medical College and gave them an account of the Y.W.C.A. Movement, such as will be found in Chapter IV. There were over a hundred women students present, and that was not the full number. It is a splendid college, with the best dissecting room in the world, and that for women!

Among present-day Indians whom I met I should

mention four whose names ring throughout the world as outstanding figures in the realm of science, art, politics and religion—namely, Sir Jogish Chandra Bose, Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, Mahatma Gandhi and Sadhu Sundra Singh. I have stayed at Bolepur, the seat of the International University of Tagore's creation; at Bardoli, where Mahatma Gandhi first tried his policy of non-co-operation, and I have also visited his home in Ahmedabad. I have heard J. C. Bose's fascinating lecture on 'hearing plants grow,' and seen his marvellously delicate machine for multiplying a hundred-thousandfold the sound inaudible to the ordinary ear, but existing all the same in Nature. I have sat with that first great Christian Sadhu, Sundra Singh, and heard from his lips the story of the many miraculous escapes he has had in his life. These four men and others like V. N. Tilak, K. C. Bonnerjee, Bishop Azariah, Dr. Datta, and the young men who have organised that wonderful institution, the Indian Y.M.C.A. in London, indicate the high-water-mark of India's capacity in intellectual and spiritual attainment as well as in self-government.

I shall never forget my visit to Bolepur, to which I was taken by Tagore's son-in-law, Professor Ganguli. The journey by train from Calcutta lasted six hours, and on reaching our destination I found myself in one of the most beautiful spots on the face of the earth, where one could feel quite alone to enjoy the colours of sunset and sunrise. I was glad I went and stayed alone in the guest house. Evening and morning when I met the poet I spent two interesting hours in his company. His last words ring in my ears: 'Miss Kinnaird, would you like to be a member of a subject race?'—a question which explains why under present conditions he is not willing to make use of his knighthood although he has never joined in the non-co-operation movement.

The name of Mahatma Gandhi always evokes en-

thusiastic cheers from an Indian audience. I learnt to view this remarkable man in a quite different way from most of my countrymen and countrywomen in India. I was confirmed in my view by talking to many enlightened officials and especially by the testimony of the judge on whom was laid the necessity of sending him to prison. His apology for being obliged to do so is one of the most remarkable things in history. Mahatma Gandhi's trial has sometimes been compared to that of our Lord in its proclamation of the innocence of the condemned, and the effect is heightened by his own acknowledgment that, according to British law in the country, nothing else could be done but put him in prison. When I visited him in Bardoli I urged him to help in giving Reforms a ten years' trial instead of boycotting the Councils, but he said his love of freedom and his people would not allow him to do this. Time has proved him right; the diarchy is unworkable. There was no bitterness in his talk, and I deem it a privilege to have been allowed to sit on the floor with him and his wife and discuss some of the problems which oppressed them. I also saw the adopted 'untouchable' child whom he brings up as his own. He is never tired of proclaiming that this barrier of untouchability must be removed before India can become united. There is no corner of India where his influence is not felt, and if his Christian ideal of non-resistance is really carried out there will be no bloodshed nor need for force.

Within India itself racial differences are being forgotten in a common enthusiasm for a united India; religious differences count for much less than they did before, and a wider conception of mutual obligation has taken hold of the people.

Christianity is now the third religion in India in point of numbers, Hinduism being the first and Mohammedanism the second. Buddhism has no foothold in India. India's conception of religion is too

real and spiritual to be satisfied with a metaphysical annihilation of personality, and her thirst for God is such that nothing else can satisfy it but the full revelation of His love in Jesus Christ.

Indian politics is too large a subject to enter into in a short space, but the conviction grows on me that we of the British race have got to change our point of view, and we can only do so by taking a new viewpoint. The rise of the spirit of nationalism throughout the world, which is so marked a characteristic of our time, has changed the map of Europe. But the spirit is not confined to Europe, as we see in China to-day; the clash of colour is felt on every continent, and we must learn to recognise that it is not disloyalty or hate, but a natural instinct for independence which actuates Eastern and African as much as European races. When the principles of the Kingdom of God prevail, and a sense of superiority and pride of race are banished for ever, I believe we shall see a still greater unity in which each race and colour will make its own contribution.

Meanwhile friendship and understanding can accomplish something, and I cherish most from among three presentations which have been made to me from fellow-workers with the gift of a bicycle, a casket and a fur cloak, that which was made in Rangoon in the following words:

'Dear Miss Kinnaird,

'We, the members of the Indian Branch of the Young Women's Christian Association in Rangoon, desire to give you the warmest welcome to-day.

'We have heard much of your untiring labours throughout your life on behalf of the Y.W.C.A., and we deeply appreciate the great service you have rendered through this Association to the women of the world.

'Although the chief field of your labours has been England and Scotland, we have heard much of your travels to

Africa, America . . . and India. And we value greatly the interest you have taken in the women of these lands. And all that you have done for their welfare by extending the work of the Y.W.C.A. As Indians we would especially thank you to-day for all that you have done on behalf of our countrywomen.

'We believe that it was you who visited India many years ago and started the Y.W.C.A. in many towns and villages, and we know that although you have been unable to come and live in our land, the women of India have always been very dear to your heart.

'We much appreciate the fact that in your overcrowded life you have found time to again visit India, and we know that the purpose of your visit has been to extend the work of the Y.W.C.A. among Indian women.

'We thank you for the great love and sympathy you show to Indians wherever you go, and we assure you that we value very deeply your interest in us, and we would help you all we can to extend the work of the Y.W.C.A. among our own people. And, lastly, we would thank you for the very warm welcome you give to all Indian men and women, students or otherwise, who visit England. It has meant so much to all who have visited the West to find there a friend who has welcomed them to her home, taken them to the Y.M.C.A. hut or the Y.W.C.A. hostel, been ready to do all she could to look after their welfare. Such great hospitality and kindness to our people we can never forget.

'As a token of our great love and appreciation for you, we would present you to-day with this silver casket, and we would pray for God's blessing to rest upon you, and upon the great work of the Y.W.C.A. throughout the world.

'With warm greetings,

'We are,

'PHULMONIE JOSEPH (*President*).

'A. J. DANIELS (*Secretary*).

'B. G. DAWSON (*Treasurer*).'

CHAPTER XXIII

ARE THINGS BETTER?

The old quiet days compared with the present rush and awakenings may almost be described as bliss. But that is not for Christians of this age any more. We are called into this tremendous battle, the forces of the spiritual against the forces of the material.—LUCY GARDNER.

We cannot shrink back into bliss. Our hearts have grown too great with things that might be.—GEORGE ELIOT.

Life is perhaps eternal, and work in consequence is eternal. If so, let us finish our march bravely.

THREE generations have gone by since the days I have described in an early chapter, and to-day we live in what is called a new world, for which many millions of our best young men have died. There is not a home in England or Belgium or France which has not been shadowed. We are a poorer country with our best slain, and on the slender shoulders of the youth of to-day rest burdens which should not have come on them so young. Youth deserves our sympathy to-day, not the censure that is heaped upon it. Girls have borne sorrow and losses too soon; their outlook on life has been blurred, and a million and a half of them have been robbed of the natural possibility of motherhood and home. The shadow of the war is still over the whole earth, and it is abundantly clear that its consequences are as evil for the victor as for the vanquished, and that even the neutral nations do not escape the dire outcomes of war.

Personally, I am on several Peace Committees; I am a member of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and have been on the British Committee for Promoting World-fellowship throughout the Church, of which the late Bishop of Oxford was the Chairman and the Archbishop of Canterbury the World President; and I am

a great admirer of Sir Willoughby Dickinson's and Lord Parmoor's leadership. Because of these convictions my supreme interest is in the international aspect of any society. During the war I was an unwelcome visitor to some homes where, to be on the side of peace was looked upon as being unpatriotic and ungrateful. Some of my friends would not receive me because of my pacifist convictions.

Along with many others I was stirred by Dr. Jowett's famous Peace Appeal in 1922, and, as there remains much to be done, I could wish I had money to organise Peace Campaigns everywhere, and that more saw clearly along this line.

We find ourselves still in the throes of industrial struggle, and the claims of the producers of wealth to share in the fruits of their labours and receive a better wage are only gradually being recognised. I am often alternately distressed and angered that trade disputes are still looked upon as almost rebellion and very unpatriotic. Many a time my cheek burns and my heart revolts at the quiet indifference with which the fact that 'the wealth of the country is in the hands of a few thousand people, and that millions live within two or three weeks of starvation if they are put out of work' is received. All honour is due to the Liberal Party, with which as a family we were always connected, who, risking their position in Parliament, pressed for fairer legislation for workers, brought about Old Age Pensions, Compensation for Accident and for men out of work, and also to the Labour Party, into whose hands the government of the country for the first time passed in 1924.

I have lived among people who fought against the introduction of Old Age Pensions and their increase, against the Employers' Liability Act, against Unemployment Insurance for people who are out of work through no fault of their own, and against many of the measures which have raised the standard of living

in this country. It is a relief to know, even if one is not quite certain as to the effect of the Capital Levy, that through recent additions in the benefits of the Compulsory Insurance Act for the unemployed, a great burden is lifted from many a woman's heart. I have felt from my girlhood that fellowship in Y.W.C.A. membership has given me an understanding of lives placed in different circumstances from my own. In the business house, in the school, in the factory, on the farm, I have friends of a lifetime, and I remember how a girl member of the first 'Girls' Committee' (the prelude to the Guild of Helpers), which I formed in order to help girls in this way to know the life of working girls, said to me: 'I have had quite a different holiday by wearing the Y.W.C.A. Badge, with the words of our motto, "By love serve one another," on it, because it made me look out for other girls and try to help them.'

'Discontent is the condition of all progress,' is one of my favourite axioms, and so I have looked on the study of the betterment of social conditions as essential to a Christian scheme of life, individual or collective. There is a danger in confining ourselves to-day to study, and therefore to theory. When as girls we were sent out to visit the houses where members of our Sunday-school classes lived, to take charge of a Mission choir in the street, to visit a lodging house with the city missionaries, or visit (as I often did) a class of nineteen girls in a room off the Strand only as large again as the bed, I maintain that we were studying at first hand, and doing our bit of social reconstruction, and I believe such practical work is as necessary to-day. It is not enough to teach the Bible if we do not act up to its principles. We could not see for ourselves the conditions of factory life and housing and not want to take part in improving them; but it is possible to see them on the stage and go away to do nothing.

Feeling as I did on social questions, I was naturally trying all this time to introduce more social interest into the Association of which I was Hon. Secretary. At the Manchester Conference in 1908 we were stirred by the description of factory life given us by Miss Constance Smith (since appointed chief Government Woman Inspector). I recall with shame the callousness of one speaker who rose in the audience to say that we were acting against a Scriptural injunction: 'Be content with such things as ye have,' when we taught girls to be discontented with unhealthy surroundings! On another occasion another speaker, an office-bearer, said to me: 'We have no right to move for more adequate wages because the Bible says, "The poor ye have always with you."' Like so many she had failed to connect the saying with its context! I am not at all sure that there are not many to-day who really believe the same thing, and hold that the lowering of wages to almost pre-war pay is not a hardship to the present-day worker.

Miss Constance Smith became Head of our Industrial Law Department, and was succeeded, on becoming a Government servant, by Mary Phillips, who is now Vice-Chairman of the Association's Industrial Law Bureau, which undertakes to help, advise and instruct every woman industrial worker who applies. A short time ago she herself conducted legal proceedings for a group of girls who were defrauded of a bonus to which they were entitled. They met for prayer in our prayer-room at 22, George Street, and she was wonderfully helped to the winning of her case. No wonder that the forewoman concerned believes in, and is a devoted admirer of, the Y.W.C.A.

There is still much need of knowledge among the workers. Investigation shows that the new Factory Laws which are compelled by law to be hung up in every factory, are often hung in an obscure corner, so that a girl found reading them is closely watched and

is in danger of losing her situation. Further, the official language often puzzles her and prevents her making the fullest use of the safeguards framed for her welfare. Our Industrial Law Bureau publishes a poster of abstracts of these laws, and spreads far and wide a knowledge of industrial law.

Two years ago an American group of Trades Union women came over with the secretary of a similar department from the United States to study conditions in England, and the Y.W.C.A. was asked to make all arrangements for them. They attended meetings of several Parliamentary Committees (they specially admired the fearless way in which our Coal Inquiry was made), and met the Trades Union leaders of this country, Government inspectors, and many others interested in social improvements.

Another evil which still remains to be combated to-day is the one which is so deeply entrenched and has such an age-long hold on the human race that it is difficult to rouse even Christian consciences to its iniquity—that is, the traffic in women and girls and the legalisation of vice. Since the days of Josephine Butler and Ellice Hopkins, it has become a part of women's work to see that these things are abolished. The Hon. Mrs. Fraser, Annie Wingate and others attended many conferences on the Association's behalf for the abolition of State vice, and co-operated with Sir A. Coote in the National Vigilance Society to whose help we owe so much. We may hope that with the women's vote, with women in Parliament, and with a better spirit in the Churches, the day is not far distant when men will see the importance of this question, and, as many do, work for us.

In the face of recent knowledge the excuse that disease is diminished where there is registration of vice is no longer valid. But to a woman, one argument is always unanswerable: every girl thus implicated is somebody's sister and somebody's daughter.

We cannot keep out of such work and concentrate on the purely religious side of Christian work, as some would have us do. Every Y.W.C.A. worker is brought constantly into contact with cases of need, and it is essential that they should know the machinations of evil-minded people and the temptation to which girls are exposed. All our efforts, as those of all Christians should be, are for the suppression of the White Slave Traffic, and unsavoury as the study and the information gained often is, no Christian is exempt from responsibility The Y.W.C.A. has, therefore, need to-day for the special department called 'The Moral Welfare Department,' which originated during the war, when the attention of the Association was drawn to the number of girls who, through no fault of their own, but often through ill-placed affection or by being seduced, were led astray, and looked to the Blue Triangle to help them. It was natural that they should not wish for publicity, nor want to apply to ordinary rescue societies, and we were able to finance five centres in London for girls in this and other sorry plights, homes which, alas! owing to lack of funds have since been reduced to two. We believe in no locked doors, no enforced restraint, and never, during several years' experience, have we found this to fail. To the Moral Care Department is entrusted all this work of moral uplift and protection. At our Moral Care Home at Highbury, young mothers are being trained to care, and know what it is to be cared for. In many cases the girls marry and begin a fresh life on a new plane. To the Warwick Square Hostel you will find a group of girls returning evening by evening from daily work to self-imposed restraint, through self-control recovering an honoured place in the community.

In the early years of Association life it used to be easy to open a small room once or twice a week, announce a simple programme, and offer none of the

attractions of beauty or comfort which are so important a feature of to-day's work. Girls were glad to come from their lodgings to a very simple institute or evening home. There were no picture-houses, theatres were expensive and not elevating, week-end holidays were unknown, Bank-holidays not invented. The girl who came to business in town, as shops gradually attracted girls to serve behind the counter, was not so well housed as now, and there were not so many ways of spending her free time.

All the advantages and opportunities in towns and the spread of universal education in the country, have made a new standard, and, whether we will or not, our methods must change. Further, there has grown up, owing to the increase in factory life and the necessity for women from the time of extreme youth to live in the crowded conditions of cities, a class which has been called 'the town breed.' This town life produces a different kind of vitality, a want of vitality, rather, for it is said that the third generation born in a town dies out. I have often stated this in a girls' audience in a city, and it is curious to find what a large percentage were either themselves born in the country, or are the children of parents born there.

To-day in the Young Women's Christian Association there stand out lives which, while making no pretence to be specially perfect or heroic, yet lighten the burdens and brighten the lives of hundreds of girls who come across their path. It is the proud possession of one who has lived through several generations to have friends to-day who equal in devotion those of the past, and to belong (as I ought not, owing to my age) to an Association which calls to and trains in the service of womankind many thinking souls, because of its fourfold programme and world-wide purpose.

Come with me to a small Scottish town which has never been able to grasp the Association programme, but has not failed to catch the spirit. I sit with a

young secretary, taking a part-time salary of only £20, who keeps house for her father at home, while her own room is let to a little family. The eldest, a girl of only seventeen years, works in a factory earning no more than fifteen shillings in this period of short-time work; she mothers two younger sisters. The secretary, notwithstanding her own tiny salary, gives them dinner in her own home which she has herself prepared. That is the true Y.W.C.A. spirit.

Come to another Scottish town, where the old Y.W.C.A. members failed to share the blessing they had received in days gone by with this generation because they would not alter their methods. Dorothy Fraser, whose home was five miles away, had listened to my talk on Calcutta, and seeing the girls crowding into the factories near her home, carried out the idea which had first come to her as a girl of eighteen, of gathering the girls of leisure of the town into a committee, and made an old schoolroom into a pretty club, into which once a week the girls flocked. The club became the pride of the town. She herself had to leave her home, but three of her faithful band, notwithstanding heavy home claims, guided the club, which has a membership of over 170.

Come to the East where another English girl has gone to Y.W.C.A. service. By her own infectious enthusiasm she revived the Indian Ladies' Club in Rangoon and then set to work to organise clubs for business girls and others in Calcutta. Seventy members as a result are enrolled in the 'Emily Kinnaird Club,' especially for educated Indian ladies; while 500 out of the 900 business girls of Calcutta have joined Blue Triangle Clubs in different parts of the city. The programme consists of lectures, instruction classes, social and religious gatherings, and already the result in the happiness and efficiency of the girls is most marked.

Come to a public-house in London with the pic-

turesque name of the 'Spotted Dog,' and see it turned into a Y.W.C.A. Club. 'I don't hear much swearing from my girls now,' said its leader after two years' work to a surprised group of fellow-leaders, who did not associate swearing with a Y.W.C.A. Club. 'I want to give three silver medals to your most successful competitors in the Drill Competition,' said the Police Inspector, 'because you have turned what we used to call "The Devil's Highway" into a self-respecting street.' The Club leader who accomplished this had the chance of a higher salary elsewhere, but out of her love to Christ gave it up for the smaller amount the Y.W.C.A. can afford to give her.

During and since the war our 'club' work has increased. Last year 585 clubs were reported in Great Britain, with an attendance of 40,000 girls. The *esprit de corps* created by clubs, the provision of means of using education, the contact with truly religious leaders and opportunities for recreation of the right sort, these are among the best things of to-day's work.

Perhaps in looking back one sees that things to-day are better; there is certainly more fellowship and less patronage in what is called Christian work, and the Churches are more alive to the sins of self-righteousness and ignorance. Our Association has come out of the rut in which organisations are apt to remain, and because of our international relationships and our link with members in other countries, we have been able to realise in some measure the meaning of peace and goodwill among men. The World's Committee, which is the very heart of the Y.W.C.A., binds us all together in a true understanding love, and the opportunities before the Association are boundless. Only lack of faith can prevent us reaching our goal.

In closing, I cannot do better than quote the words of Dr. John Mott, whose wife is President of the American Association. In his usual trenchant way he

sums up in four sentences the needs for the Association to-day:

1. If the Association Movement is to preserve and augment in spiritual vitality, it is absolutely essential that its leaders and controlling members maintain a genuinely personal experience of Jesus Christ.

2. If the Association is to be made a world-wide force for helpfulness, it must be pervaded by the spirit of service.

3. If the Associations are to bring in the larger day that is before them, they must ever enlarge their plans and give themselves to greater achievements.

4. And lastly, movements and organisations like men must learn the deep meaning of the Cross and travel with Christ that way.

I cannot add to this.

APPENDIX

SEVENTY YEARS' EVENTS IN THE Y.W.C.A.

1855. Crimean War Nurses' Home for returned Nurses, 51, Upper Charlotte Street, W.C., Mary Jane Kinnaird.
" Formation of the Prayer Union taking the name of Y.W.C.A., Emma Robartes, Barnet.
" Emily Kinnaird born, October 20.
1857. First Y.W.C.A. Report, North London Home.
" First begging letter signed Arthur Kinnaird (Tenth Baron).
1858. Organisation of Y.W.C.A. Branches in London by the Committee of the Home for Nurses, under the name of Mutual Improvement Association; Mary Jane Kinnaird, President.
1859. Union of Prayer, with original signatures from each member, formally organised; Emma Robartes, Secretary.
" First Bible Class in London (December).
" The first Branch formed with a Monthly Meeting.
" Edinburgh Ladies' Meeting in Bristol Hall (August 16).
1860. Birmingham; first Midland Branch, Newhall Street.
" Manchester; first Branch in the North.
" Kelso, first Scottish Branch.
" Coleraine, first Irish Branch.
1861. Second Home in London, 40, Mount Street, W. 1.
" Letter from Lord Roden *re* West London Home at 48, Great Marlborough Street (kindred).
" First Y.W.C.A. Prospectus recording four Homes.
1862. First Home in Bristol, 12, College Green.
" Second Report of United Association for Christian Domestic Improvement.
" Montrose, second Scottish Branch.
1863. Liverpool; Opening of Y.W.C.A.
" Letters from Dublin, Exeter, Perth, and Ripon, *re* Homes.
" First Membership Paper; E. Robartes.
1864. Lucy Moor succeeded Emma Robartes.
1866. Removal of London Office from 118, Pall Mall to 19a, Great Portland Street, W. 1.
1867. Motto chosen formally: 'Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord.'
" October 1.—First Institute in London.
1868. Provincial Office to 41, Mildmay Park from Clifton.

1868. Third Scottish Branch, Edinburgh.
1870. London Office moved to 17, Old Cavendish Street, W. 1, to which 16a was added later.
1871. Meeting at 2, Pall Mall East to enlarge the scope of the united Associations.
„ First Constitution for London.
„ Provincial Office moved to 15, Harewood Square, N.W.; Mrs. E. W. Moore, Hon. Secretary.
1872. The Welbeck moved from Welbeck Street to 101, Mortimer Street (now called Ames House).
1875. First Scottish Office: 2a, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh; Mrs. Gordon (Parkhill), President.
1876. L. M. Moor resigned.
„ Report of nine Homes and Kindred Associations.
1877. Bournemouth, Holiday Home; Edith Wingfield Digby.
„ The Earl of Shaftesbury became President.
„ May.—Death of Emma Robartes.
„ Library Department formed; Kathleen Denny, Head.
1878. First large London Meeting, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly.
„ First Y.W.C.A. Directory.
1879. Departments of Work formed.
„ W. T. Paton, first London Hon. Finance Secretary.
1880. Work among Fisher Girls, Scotland.
„ First Institute in Dublin.
1881. Miss Evelyn Noel and Miss Emily Kinnaird, first Hon. Secretaries for London.
„ April 26.—First Annual Meeting, London Y.W.C.A., in Exeter Hall, Lord Shaftesbury in the Chair.
„ First Monthly Letter, continued till to-day.
1882. Division of Colonial Committee from Continental and Foreign Committee.
1883. Provincial Office, 41a, Pyrland Road, moved to 116, Regent Street, W. 1.
„ June 13.—First Annual Meeting at Exeter Hall.
1884. June 6.—Opening of first Restaurant for Women.
„ Invitation, signed by M. J. Kinnaird and L. Moore, to a Conference on November 12, to form a Central Council.
„ Issue of Magazine, *Our Own Gazette*, reached circulation of 75,000.
1885. Travellers' Aid Society, 16a, Cavendish Street, W. 1, subsequently removed to 3, Baker Street, W. 1.
„ My first Appeal: "Prevention and Protection."
„ Scottish Divisional Office, 116, George Street, Edinburgh.
„ Formation of United Central Council for Great Britain and Ireland.
„ Death of the first President, the Earl of Shaftesbury.
1886. First Members' Convention, Morley Halls Y.W.C.A.
„ April 20.—Conference on the deepening of interest in Foreign Missions.

1886. Formation of Factory Helpers' Union and Time and Talents; also Nurses' Union.
" Opening of Morley Halls, 316, Regent Street, Monday, November 26.
1887. Sunday, July 17.—Day of Prayer for Foreign Missions.
" Death of Lord Kinnaird, first London Treasurer.
" Lord Kinnaird, K.T. (Eleventh Baron), became President.
1888. Lord Kinnaird presided at Annual Meeting as President.
" Death of Mary Jane Kinnaird, Dowager Lady Kinnaird, Founder and London President.
" Move to 316, Regent Street, W. 1.
" Thanksgiving in Morley Hall, April 20.
1889. Formation of World's Y.W.C.A.
" Victoria Lady Carbery, London President.
" Formation of Teachers' Department; the Misses Gollock, succeeded by Mrs. Amand Routh.
1891. Ada Habershon, first London Finance Secretary with W. T. Paton; next Mrs. Moncrieff Dick and Miss de Loriol.
1892. Miss Morley became London President; succeeded as Hon. Secretary by Edith Dashwood, co. with Hon. E. Kinnaird.
1894. Negotiations with Y.M.C.A., Exeter Hall; also in 1915.
1895. November 15.—Change of name from United Central to British National to be in line with other countries.
" First Girls' Committee to assist Hon. Secretaries formed in London.
" The Viscountess Portman, London President.
1896. Removal of British Headquarters to 26, George Street, Hanover Square, W. 1, in 1921 further removal to 22, George Street, and in 1925 to 17, Clifford Street, W. 1.
" Opening of Preparation and Testing Home, 14, Finsbury Square, E.C.; Miss L. Duff.
1897. Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee Celebration at Albert Hall. *Sketches* published.
" Foundation-stone of New Morley Hall, 26, George Street; gift of Howard Morley.
1898. June.—New Morley Hall Opening.
" First World's Conference; Mrs. J. H. Tritton, President.
1901. Twenty-first London Annual Meeting, London; Lord Kinnaird, in Exeter Hall, moved to Queen's Hall.
1902. Girls' Auxiliary formed, named changed since to Guild of Helpers.
" Second World's Conference, Geneva.
" Breakfast for Funds.
1903. Miss Ada Habershon resigned Hon. Secretary for London through ill health.
1904. Third World's Conference, Paris.
1905. Jubilee year; *Sisters* published.
" Demonstration in Albert Hall.

1906. Emily Kinnaird resigned Hon. Secretary of London after 25 years' service. Ethel Rowan succeeded her.
1907. Fifth Biennial Conference, Dublin, Ireland.
1909. Sixth Biennial Conference, Manchester, North of England.
1910. Fourth World's Conference, Berlin.
1911. Seventh Biennial Conference in Birmingham, Midlands.
1913. Eighth Biennial Conference in Edinburgh (October 13–17), Scotland.
1914. Fifth World's Conference, Stockholm; Hon. Mrs. M. Waldegrave, President.
" August 4.—Declaration of European War.
" August 8.—Emergency Meeting of the National Council —formation of the War Emergency Committee.
" October.—Military Centres Committee formed; M. Lyne, Secretary.
" November.—Munition Workers' Committee; Mary Pelham (Piercy), Secretary.
1915. Gift of High Ashurst (sold 1923).
" Opening of Bedford House by H.R.H. Princess Maud.
" Scottish War Appeal Committee (£23,000).
" Blue Triangle adopted as the Y.W.C.A. Badge.
1916. Visit of Her Majesty, Queen Mary, to Bedford House.
" Women's Services Committee, W.A.A.C., W.R.A.F. and W.R.N., which included Huts in France.
1917. Committee for Land Girls.
1918. April 29–May 3.—Biennial Conference, London.
" Armistice Day, November 11.
1920. Tenth Biennial Conference, Ilkley, North of England; Mrs. W. H. Somervell, President.
" Secession of certain Branches.
1922. Eleventh Biennial Conference, Swanwick, Midlands; Lady Procter, President again.
1923. Death of Lord Kinnaird (Eleventh Baron), President and London Treasurer.
" World's Girls' Work Conference in Austria.
1924. Twelfth Biennial Conference, Llandrindod, Wales; Miss F. Campbell, President.
" Secession of the Scottish Council.
" World's Committee Meeting in Washington, U.S.A.; Lady Parmoor elected President.
" Forward Movement inaugurated in London for Central Building.
1925. January.—Adjourned Biennial in London; New Constitution.
" Indian Y.W.C.A. Jubilee Year. Mrs. Gall, President.
" Foundation of Training College, Sellyoak, Birmingham.

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